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**IRISH AND OTHER
MEMORIES**



THE DUKE DE STACPOOLE.
From a photo by Messrs, Elliott & Fry.

IRISH AND OTHER MEMORIES

BY THE
DUKE DE STACPOOLE



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FOREWORD

THE following memoirs were written by me during the long evenings of last winter. At that time the country was in a very disturbed state, and one was not allowed to motor more than twenty miles from home, nor to be out after dark. In consequence, I saw little or nothing of my neighbours, having no near ones, and English friends were afraid to come to Ireland, so that, mostly alone in my County Galway home, I had little to do but sit before the fire, read my books or the newspapers, and ponder. As one gets on in years, the mind naturally turns to the past, and one evening it occurred to me that it might be of interest to my children, as well as to my grandchildren and some friends, if I put on paper various incidents and experiences of a life spent among all kinds of folk in many lands. This book is the result. As at no time have I kept a diary, I have nothing on which to depend but memory, a factor

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FOREWORD

which may occasionally misrepresent a detail, so I trust I shall be forgiven for any slight inaccuracies that may appear.

I notice that lately *The Times* has condemned certain recent works of autobiography as “increasingly scandalous.” Certainly, in this respect, I can with confidence plead not guilty.

G. DE S.

MOUNT HAZEL, COUNTY GALWAY,
June, 1921.

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CHAPTER I

IRELAND IN BYGONE DAYS

PART I

County Galway—Absentee Landlords—British Representative at the Vatican—Edward MacEvoy—The Tichborne Case—An Extraordinary Athlete—A Teetotal Toast—Home Rule—A Strange Character.

THERE was a time when County Galway was peopled by a numerous and hospitable gentry who spent money freely. Perhaps too freely, as they had to admit when the bad times came in 1879, and continued for some years, with indifferent seasons for farmers. After the Land League was formed, and rents were forcibly reduced by agitation, intimidation and British legislation; when, owing to various incidents involved in the "Plan of campaign," much foreclosing of mortgages took place, many of these families were ruined, and gradually disappeared from the county.

The most important absentee landlord was

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Lord Clanricarde, frequently called by his tenants "Clan Rack Rent," though his rents were never raised. He died at an advanced age only a few years ago. He owned many thousands of acres besides the towns of Loughrea and Portumna. He had been in the diplomatic service, and often used to tell me, at the St. James's Club, interesting stories of the Legation at Turin in the late fifties. During the Austrian War in 1859 he had many adventures, being arrested as a spy by the French on one of the battlefields, but speedily released. He had the greatest admiration for Cavour, the Prime Minister of Sardinia, and was with him at the time of his death.

Later, in 1867, he became Member for County Galway, but he always appeared to have a strong dislike for his own country, and took no interest in the land that produced for him such a handsome revenue, none of which was spent in Ireland. As a matter of fact, Clanricarde did not entirely deserve to be called a harsh landlord, but he was a staunch upholder of landlords' rights, and carried on the fight with his tenants unyieldingly to the end of his life. Added to this, he was very obstinate and eccentric. In the Travellers' and the St. James's Clubs he was a well-known figure for his curious appearance and the peculiarity of his ways. He always wore an old frock-coat, morning, noon and night, and an extraordinary hat, which suffered from repeated oiling and ironing.

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He smoked a pipe, and, considering himself a poor man on the trifling income of about £80,000 a year, could sometimes be seen in the smoking-room eating the lunch which he had brought with him in his pocket wrapped in a bit of paper. But if ever he did order a meal he was most particular about it. When prices went up during the war and a suggestion was made at the club to cover the cost by putting a penny on every shilling, Lord Clanricarde bitterly opposed such a charge. He said it was monstrous, and that he would not dream of acquiescing in so drastic a measure. I suggested to him that an exception ought to be made in his favour, as he was the unfortunate possessor of such a small income. He was a great judge of china and *objets d'art*; a noted collector; one of the highest authorities and most regular attendants at Christie's sales. Indeed, the only thing he ever gave freely was an opinion on these matters.

But he seldom visited Ireland. He went there for the funeral of his father, and two years later for that of his mother. From what he told me, I gathered he came away with a poor impression of the sobriety of County Galway aristocracy. As luck would have it, the last person he saw on the first occasion was Lord ——— drunk, and the first person he met on the second occasion was the same man, again drunk. "Last time I saw Lord ———" said Clanricarde, "he was drunk,

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and I imagine he has been in that condition ever since."

Clanricarde's father, the previous Marquis, who died in 1874, had been a man of very different stamp. He was much beloved by all who knew him; a leading figure, not only in the county, but also in London and Paris, and a good sportsman. He was our Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and subsequently Postmaster-General and Lord Privy Seal. He was also H.M.L. of the County Galway, and Hon. Colonel of the Galway Militia.

He willingly allowed any young man who came to London from County Galway the use of a horse to ride in the Park, but when I once ventured to remind his son of these hospitable acts, the only answer vouchsafed was, "What a fool!" Lord Lascelles, who has inherited his great-uncle's estates, bids fair to equal his great-grandfather in popularity and esteem, and hopes are entertained of his coming to reside in Ireland.

Lord Dunsandle, who owned one of the finest houses in the county and some celebrated pictures, was an unpopular landlord. His estate was considerable, and periodically unmanageable. The "plan of campaign" was once put into action against him, as more evictions had taken place in years gone by than could be forgiven in Ireland, where only a favourable opportunity is awaited to punish an offending landlord. His people joined the

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Land League with enthusiasm in the eighties, and unpleasant consequences ensued.

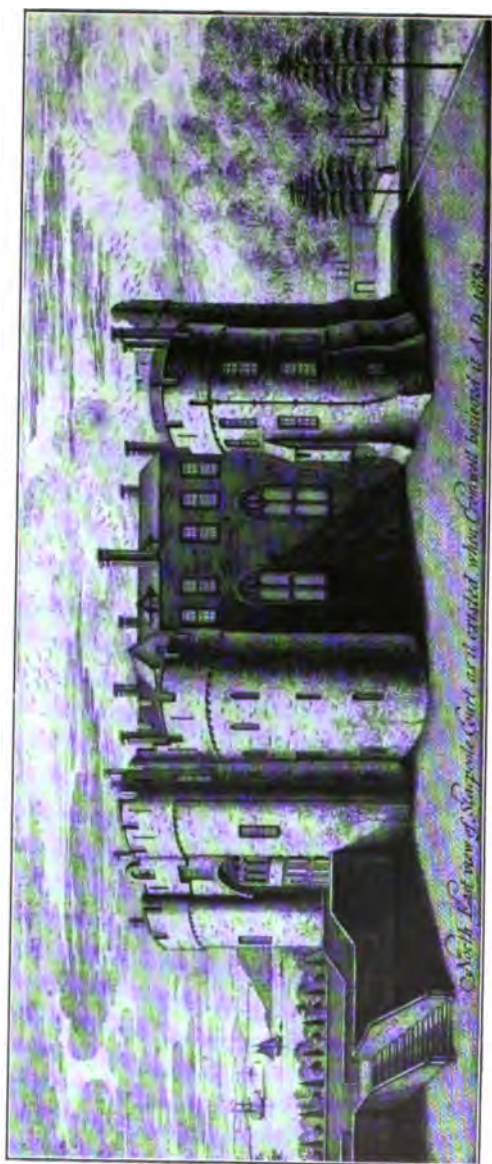
In the eighties Lord and Lady Gough entertained a good deal at Lough Cutra Castle, another fine residence overlooking an extensive lake, which originally belonged to the Gort family, for whom a replica of the castle had been built in the Isle of Wight. Their parties were very agreeable and interesting, and a number of their English friends used to come over and visit them. The present Lord Gough served in the Irish Guards and lost an arm in the war. This does not, however, prevent him from still being a very good shot.

I recollect staying at Lough Cutra at the same time as the late Sir George Errington, then M.P. for Longford, and listening to his absorbing accounts of long visits to Rome, where he had been unofficially commissioned by Lord Granville—then Foreign Secretary in Gladstone's government—to discuss various subjects with the Vatican authorities. (Amongst other things he was to endeavour to prevent the appointment of Dr. Walsh to the Catholic Archbishopric of Dublin.) His mission might possibly have led to diplomatic relations being established between England and the Vatican—where England was almost the only Great Power not represented—had it not been for the powerful opposition of both the Tories and of the Nonconformist conscience. Gladstone and Lord Granville appear to have held rather

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open views upon the subject. The question came up again after Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 when the Pope sent an envoy, who was well received, to congratulate her Majesty on the event. Dr. Walsh—as he himself told me—was bitterly opposed to diplomatic relations, because there were so few Catholic interests in England, that he could see no motive for appointing a representative to the Vatican except for interference with Ireland. Cardinal Manning for other reasons expressed disapproval, and called upon Lord Landaff, who was then Home Secretary, to state his objections. The matter therefore dropped, much to the disappointment of Pope Leo XIII who was anxious to enlarge his political sphere ; and no relations were established with the Vatican till the beginning of the Great War, when Sir Henry Howard was appointed Minister, to be succeeded by the Count de Salis.

Robert Percy French was another delightful Galway man, and a well-known diplomat. But country life had little attraction for him, and he seldom stayed at Monivea Castle for more than a few days at a time. He was far more at home in London, Paris and Madrid, where few men were better known. Indeed, I found his name a kind of passport when I travelled on the Continent. He died in 1896 in Naples, of which he was always extremely fond. He had a great charm of manner, was a real friend to those he liked, and to me



STACPOOLE COURT, 1633.
From an old print.

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personally he is a very great loss. Old friends are hard to replace, and his personality was unique. His daughter, the present owner of his estates, possesses much of her father's attraction, and is also fond of travelling and adventures. She has had some terrible experiences in Russia and in Siberia, where she was staying last winter, and where she was imprisoned by the Bolshevists for several months. I speak of her in my chapter about Russia.

A brief sketch of my family history may be of interest. Richard de Stacpoole was knighted by William the Conqueror, with whom he had come over to England from Normandy, and established the family at Stacpoole Court in Pembrokeshire, which, however, passed into the hands of the Lort family through marriage, and later on to the Campbells. The old castle was destroyed in the seventeenth century in Cromwell's time, and a fine house built on the same site, which has been in the possession of the family since 1687, the present owner, Lord Cawdor, being a Campbell.

Robert de Stacpoole, grandson of the younger brother of Sir Richard, went to Ireland with Strongbow in 1168. The name of Stacpoole appears about 1180 in the earliest roll of Dublin citizens; one of them served on the jury which inquired into the injuries done in the wars 1250-1270 by Conor na Sinclaine O'Brien and his sons. Another Robert was Mayor of that city in 1876-77. During the fifteenth century

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the Stacpooles are mentioned amongst some of the richest and most influential of the Limerick merchants, and were possessed of much land in that county, also in Cork. A Stacpoole was recorder of Limerick, and one of those deputed to negotiate its surrender to Ireton in Cromwell's time (1651). My great-grandfather, born 1736 in Cork, was High Sheriff for Clare in 1768, and returned to the Catholic faith of his fathers in 1778. In 1787 he laid claim through the female line to the Barony of Zouche of Haringworth, which had passed into abeyance, but owing to religious disabilities the suit fell through. He had a residence in Grosvenor Place, London, where he constantly entertained the exiled French King Louis XVIII, and on the restoration of the latter after the defeat of Napoleon, was rewarded by titles and honours, and persuaded to establish himself and his family in Paris, where he died in 1824.

His successor and only child, Richard, who was educated at Rugby, was a very munificent man. Later in life, while visiting Rome when Leo XII was appealing to the faithful for various restorations, such as the rebuilding of St. Paul's and one of the bridges over the Tiber, my grandfather contributed generously, and the Pope conferred various honours on him, making him a Marquis (1826) and subsequently Duke (1831) and also a Knight of the Order of Christ.

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My father—the third Duke—educated at Oscott and Stonyhurst, married Maria, only child of Thomas Dunn, of Bath House, Northumberland. Some time after her death, he entered Holy orders, and was made a Prelate by Pius IX.

In 1888 I married Pauline, only child of Edward MacEvoy of Tobertyman, County Meath, who represented his native county in Parliament from 1856 to 1874 during a very eventful period for Catholics and the Irish peasantry, whose interests he made his own in a very active and, as events proved, successful manner.

During the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act he was Chairman of Committee, and his labours were recognized at the Vatican by the bestowal of the Order of St. Gregory. The Disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland; Land Laws—including the Compensation for Improvements—and the Compensation for Disturbance Acts, were amongst the much-needed measures then passed, all of which vitally affected the Irish people. But MacEvoy did not believe that any benefit would accrue from Home Rule, so that when that cry was made a condition of re-election, he retired in 1874. His farewell address contained a prediction that twenty years hence it would still be unattained, and so much time lost which could otherwise have been used for the promotion of Catholic university education, and other pressing needs. Not twenty, but forty years have passed since then, mostly in tumults

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which have much retarded our commercial prosperity.

In earlier life my father-in-law was in the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), where Roger Tichborne was one of his brother officers. These two were friends and comrades from boyhood, but Tichborne, who had been brought up in France and spoke English very badly, was always absurdly shy. In the seventies the name of Roger Tichborne became notorious owing to the extraordinary "Claimant" case. Roger was heir to vast estates in London and Hampshire, parts of which—Bedford Row and its neighbourhood—fetched sensational prices only last year. But this young man did not live to inherit them. In March 1858 he sailed from Havre to Valparaiso; and in the following year left Rio de Janeiro in the *Bela*, which foundered with all hands. But his distracted mother could never be brought to believe that her son was really dead. She caused advertisements for him to be inserted in all sorts of papers abroad, with the result that a burly, vulgar, uneducated man, who had been following the trade of a butcher, appeared from Australia and claimed to be her son. In her anxiety to recover her lost boy, the poor lady, never very strong mentally, welcomed the impostor, and advanced the money for him to return to England.

Strange to say, the case caused the greatest excitement all over the country; people came

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forward to give financial help towards establishing this man's identity, and the real heir—a nephew of Roger's—was involved in a long trial to disprove the claim of an impostor who bore no resemblance whatever to the real man—at a cost of about £90,000. At the very first meeting with Arthur Orton (as he afterwards proved to be) Edward MacEvoy knew him for an impostor. MacEvoy had come to stay twenty-four hours with him, but left in twenty minutes, making some excuse to get away. He was a very important witness against the claimant at the trial directly afterwards. He used to tell many anecdotes about the real Roger and his Frenchified ways; of his custom of calling to go out with him, and saying "It is a fine day, let us make promenade"; whereas the false claimant could not speak a word of French, but always used a sort of Australian cockney. MacEvoy used to tell another anecdote of the real Roger who, when he first came to Ireland to stay with his relative, Lord Howth, insisted on getting into a small boat at Kingstown which he had seen from the steamer, and rowing across the Bay to Howth. The consequence was that he landed through waves, and arrived at dinner time drenched and dishevelled, to the intense amusement of an assembled family party, whose wit and raillery did not spare the bashful youth.

I must not omit to mention that when in Parliament, MacEvoy belonged to a small and

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ever-decreasing Irish Party, pledged to their constituencies to accept no post or personal advantages whatever. He was a life-long member of the Kildare Street Club in Dublin, at a time when few Catholics belonged to it, and his friends, of all shades of politics, were many.

I remember how often he spoke of Bernal Osborne, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford. He had also much to tell us of Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, that extraordinary athlete, who was born without either legs or arms, in consequence, it was said, of an ancient curse on the family, yet could not only spring in the most startling fashion from one side of the room to the other, but was a famous rider to hounds. I believe he was strapped to the saddle, but I am not by any means certain that he had even that security. He held the reins in his mouth, and occasionally used crooks where no arms had ever grown. On one occasion when MacEvoy and he were travelling together from Euston in a crowded train, he cleared the compartment of a tiresome old lady possessing a superfluity of bandboxes. Her terror of the preternatural creature who was springing bat-like from one seat to the other was such that she bundled out screaming, in spite of the fact that the train was already in motion. "Didn't I tell you she'd go?" said Kavanagh triumphantly to his companion, who feared the lady's presence would interfere with smoking.

Then there was Knatchbull-Hugessen, after-



THE DUCHESS DE STACPOOLE.

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wards Lord Brabourne, who in the 'seventies wrote such charming and clever books for children, which used to entrance Edward MacEvoy's rather lonely and closely sheltered, and much loved little daughter, though she, of course, could not grasp the skits on grown-up people which they contained.

Another well-known man whom MacEvoy often spoke of was the saintly Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Grant. He was well known as a strict teetotaller, and the astonishment of all present may well be imagined when he one day proposed the health of this same little girl. But they were still more surprised when his Lordship, refusing the wine the butler had hastened to pour out, drank it in water, and all present—especially her parents—felt that he had indeed offered up a prayer of the highest value. Others were Sergeant Bellasis (one of whose daughters was my mother's bridesmaid) at whose house the above incident occurred, and Mr. Hope Scott. They were both distinguished men and fervent converts to the Catholic Church. George Henry Moore, that Mayo gentleman of many parts, so well known as a politician and on the Turf, whose life has been so charmingly written by his son, Colonel Maurice Moore, was another intimate friend, as were Lord Fingall and his brothers ; Mr. Corbally of Corbalton, County Meath (his fellow-member for Meath), and Lord Howth, also well known on the Turf as Lord St. Lawrence. In these

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days sport, and even politics, used to draw people together at the many social gatherings in country houses and the dinner parties in Dublin.

A very delightful neighbour of ours was Colonel Daly, who belonged to the old school—his conversation took one back a long, long way. He was a genuine specimen of the old Conservative. I recollect when I was still a young man at the time of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1886, being rebuked by Colonel Daly for presuming to hold opinions of my own on the question despite the orthodox tenets of the gentry, who looked upon the Bill as a diabolical invention, and were also strongly averse to any compulsory purchase of land. They persuaded themselves that when the Conservatives returned to power we should hear no more about "confiscation." As a matter of fact, it would have been far wiser to have continued to press for better terms then, when undoubtedly they would have been given. At that time they could have had about seventeen and a-half years' purchase on what are known as the old rents; more than double of what could now be obtained; and Gladstone would have given more, had he been able to pass his Home Rule Bill. Added to that, we should have been spared the everlasting friction with the tenantry all these years, for the amount paid by the State would have been forthcoming without any bargaining. Edward Martyn used

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to call Colonel Daly "The Last of the Barons." He was indeed the last of his generation, an autocrat with the most delightfully antiquated views.

He has been succeeded by an only granddaughter, who personifies in her stateliness and beauty that charm which, as the old Colonel always declared, had 'gone out' since his young days. Her husband—Horace de Vere Cole—is a gay and genial member of a popular family group, whose fascinating manners inherited from a charming mother (now Mrs. Studd, wife of the Colonel of the Coldstream Guards) have endeared them to all.

An amusing character whom I used to know was Andy Dolphin, who belonged to an old family but lived in a very rough-and-ready fashion. His hunting kit was peculiar, inasmuch as he donned a faded pink coat, and adorned his head with a round hat rather the worse for wear. An extensive farmer, he appeared to spend most of his time at fairs, or in trying to sell horses privately. Miss Grattan Bellew (now Lady Saltoun) once sent over her groom and horse to his residence before a hunt, when to his disgust the man found he was expected to sleep on dirty straw, and that no provision at all was made for the horse. Another time when I happened to call on Dolphin, I saw a cloud of smoke issuing from the kitchen through the worn boards into the dining-room where we were sitting. I called his attention to it,

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fearing the house was on fire ; but he calmly told me that he was well insured, and proceeded to pour whisky into his cracked tumblers ! Many are the stories told of Andy Dolphin in connection with horse dealing. It was said of him that when he sold a horse for, say, £100, he would ask the purchaser to write a cheque for £150, Dolphin returned the £50 as "luck penny", and could then show the cheque and prove to all what a high price he had obtained for his horse.

I remember that he once sold a horse at Ballinasloe Fair to an English dealer who the following year at the same fair asked if he had another horse of the same breed. "Faith, I have," answered Andy: "this one is full brother of the horse I sold you, only he is better bred."

Another time I went with Andy to Tullira, Edward Martyn's place, and we noticed two new pictures, which to Andy seemed both extravagant and wasteful as, in his view, money was only meant for buying horses. However, he asked me what they were, and when I informed him that one was a portrait of Beethoven and the other of Wagner, said he had never heard of either. I simulated surprise, and answered that was impossible, as one was a great breeder of polo ponies, the other of hunters. Upon which he replied, "They never came to the Dublin Horse Show !" So much for his education !

I believe Dolphin considered himself a tee-

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totaller, and certainly he once refused claret at the long dinner-table at the club during Ballinasloe fair week. But after the waiter had passed, Dolphin turned and asked me the price, and, when I told him that according to the custom of the club wine was included in the cost of the dinner, he renounced his teetotal principles, called back the waiter to fill his glass, and thoroughly enjoyed his wine for the rest of the evening. Dolphin was always very careful of his pennies, and died from the result of an accident in the hunting field, which would probably not have occurred if he had kept his stirrup leathers in good repair.

PART II

Sport—The Blazers—East Galway Hounds—The Dublin Horse Show—Punchestown and Fairy House Races—Meath and Ward Hounds—The Shelbourne Hotel—Some Irish Ladies in the Eighties—Ballinasloe Fair.

THERE is little need to dwell on the Irishman's love of sport, and his passion for horses and racing, as it is a known characteristic of both rich and poor that nothing calls forth greater enthusiasm than the prospect of a day's sport with hounds or gun.

The County Galway Hunt, so well known as the Blazers, seems to have been formed on lines dating from 1839. Several squires in the county already owned packs of hounds, and the cele-

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brated John Dennis became their first master. According to all accounts he was a brilliant horseman, the finest steeplechase rider in either Ireland or England, and the hardest rider to hounds, which he preferred small, measuring not over twenty-three inches. He was succeeded by John Mahon of Ballydonnellan, a famous character and a very amusing old man, even at the time I knew him. But he only hunted the county for three seasons, and resigned in 1853. He was a great eccentric, and once tried to set my house on fire. Luckily, a servant was just in time to prevent this, but Mahon made no secret of his annoyance, and came down to dinner complaining bitterly that he had just got things into a nice little blaze when he was interrupted. There is a story told that on one occasion he went to Covent Garden Opera with a party of lively Galway men, and occupied a box opposite the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Mahon and his friends were so noisy during the *entr'actes* as to considerably disturb the occupants of the stalls, and one man fixed them for some time with his opera glasses. Upon which Mahon stood up in his box and shouted out angrily across the theatre: "If you want to know who I am, I am John D. Mahon of Ballydonnellan Castle, County Galway, and I'll be glad to meet you outside and give you something you will remember!" It is to be presumed that the Duke of Connaught, who had met Mahon in

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Ireland, suggested that the Prince of Wales might be amused by having a chat with the indignant Irishman; Mahon was sent for by the Royal party, and did not rejoin his Galway friends at their hotel till next morning. In his latter days Mahon seldom got up till three or four in the afternoon, and must have been over ninety when he died. He is mentioned in one of Lever's books.

Mr. Burton Persse was the next Master, holding the position for thirty-one years, till he died in 1885. He was a keen sportsman and knew how to keep his field in order.

The late Lord Clanmorris was one of the local men who succeeded Burton Persse as Master, but he, unfortunately, was compelled to resign for financial reasons. During a week he spent with me in Paris, he discovered that owing to an unlucky speculation he had lost his last available two thousand. He bore his ill-luck very philosophically, merely remarking that, had he foreseen it, he would have spent the money on keeping on the hounds a few months longer. Indeed, an air of affluence was still maintained by receiving woodcock, (shot at Cregg-Clare, County Galway) at the Hotel Meurice every day, keeping his Russian valet, and his famous brown poodle. On the death of his father-in-law years later, he once more became well off, and settled at Bangor Castle in County Down: but he never again hunted in Galway. The last time that I met him, about

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five years ago, I thought him greatly aged, but he was as cheerful as ever. He died a few months later. Many changes have taken place in the Mastership since then; the war and many other causes have thinned the field considerably, but it would indeed be a calamity if the Blazers became a thing of the past.

The present Master is Mr. Pickersgill, who married Miss Sylvia Smyth, the pretty daughter of a popular County Galway landlord and sportsman.

The East Galway hounds survive and flourish, their present Master being Mr. Butson, son of the late Major Butson, who once occupied the same post. Before his time Mr. Pollock was Master for some years.

The Dublin Horse Show, which lasts for four days and takes place at Ballsbridge in the second week of August is the finest thing of its kind in the world, and a landmark in the lives of many people in Ireland. The hunters exhibited are of the very best, and the arrangements for showing off their qualities both excellent and elaborate. This show is not only the rendezvous of all those interested in horses, but the most important social gathering of the year.

The Kildare Hunt Races, better known as "Punchestown," are held near Naas in April every year, and are the most sporting of all race meetings in Ireland. The course is laid out over a natural hunting country which com-

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prises fences of all sorts, while the view from the stand is of world-wide fame. Crowds go to the "big double" and "wall," just as they do at Aintree. The meeting lasts for two days, and each card includes a race for farmers and another for the military stationed in Ireland, other big events being the Kildare Hunt Cup and Maiden Plate. Punchestown is not like the ordinary race meeting, as every horse must be essentially a hunter to stay the course, and nearly all the best steeplechase horses that Ireland has produced have competed here. Another great feature of this meeting in pre-war days was the hospitality of the different regiments stationed at the Curragh, of the garrison, and leading clubs in Dublin. Each regiment and club used to entertain its friends in one or other of the rows of "huts," but since the war there is a sad difference. Great numbers of English and foreign visitors came to Ireland for Punchestown, as they did for the other big social and sporting event—the Dublin Horse Show.

Fairy House Races always take place on Easter Monday, and the venue is in County Meath. They are the annual races of the Ward Union Hunt and immensely popular with the Dublin holiday crowd. The Irish Grand National takes place here; also the Ward Union Hunt Cup—a trophy which is much coveted by members of the Hunt.

The winter of 1881 saw me installed in Dublin

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at the Shelbourne Hotel for some months, to hunt with the Meath and Ward hounds. Mr. "Jock" Trotter and Mr. Leonard Morrogh were then Masters of these packs. The kennels of the former were at some considerable distance from the Irish metropolis, so that only two out of the five days could be conveniently managed from Dublin. But as we could hunt three days with the Ward, every day except Thursday could be utilized from Dublin with one or other pack.

Whenever there was a ball at the Castle, crowds of people came up from the country to enjoy themselves, and the Shelbourne was full of pretty women. Miss Marie Segrave and her youngest sister were amongst those who came there a good deal that winter. The former subsequently married the Hon. George Stopford; her charming sister who married Henry Close, lost her only son (Irish Guards) at Cambrai in November 1917. Mrs. Close herself was very ill at the time, and this tragic event appeared to have prevented her ever regaining her vitality and she died about a year and a-half afterwards. Few mothers grieved for the death of their sons in the terrible war so deeply as did poor Mrs. Close. The eldest sister, generally considered the best looking of that family, married Sir John Talbot Power.

Lady Sophie Forbes was one of the most admired of the *débutantes* about that time.

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She married my old schoolfellow and neighbour in Galway, Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, and still retains her kindly ways, so that it is always a pleasure to pay her a visit at Mount Bellew. She once had a pack of harriers, but gave them up some years ago. Her third son—a charming boy—was my youngest son's greatest friend; they were children together and both went to the same school—Downside—where they were inseparable. When war broke out Willie Grattan Bellew entered the Flying Corps, and in 1917 paid the tribute, like so many gallant young men both before and after him. Lady Sophie Grattan Bellew's father, Lord Granard, was a most hospitable man, and I enjoyed many visits to him at Castle Forbes in County Longford. He commanded the Westmeath Militia, in which he always took the greatest interest. Another youthful neighbour who was killed about the same time on the Somme was the Hon. Derrick Trench, eldest son of Lord and Lady Ashtown, a young man full of promise, for whom I had a great regard.

Occasionally in the eighties the Land League created scares and the garrison had to be reinforced. The Scots Guards and Coldstream had each a battalion in Dublin one winter. Amongst those stationed there I can recall Sir Charles Hartopp, Colonel Julian Hall (commanding a battalion), Captain Pole-Carew, Colonel Knox, Edgar Vincent (now Lord D'Abernon, Ambassador in Berlin), Colonel

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Pulteney and the Hon. Luke White (now Lord Annaly). The family place of the last named is called Luttrells Town, and is not far from Dublin. In these days it was known as Woodlands, and was let for a long time to Lord O'Hagan, the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland since penal times. Colonel Gerald Dease was the Chamberlain at the Viceregal Court, a post he held for very many years, discharging his duties with much urbanity; while Colonel Forster as Master of the Horse appeared to be almost a fixture, so long did he occupy that sinecure. General Steele was then Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

Thirty or forty years ago the October Fair at Ballinasloe was one of the events of the year. The Galway County Club rented a house and brought in servants, etc., for the Fair week. At that time nearly all the gentry farmed their own land, and they attended this gathering in large numbers. The trade in horses was on a very large scale, and many foreign buyers were to be seen there, though the cattle were bought chiefly by the Meath farmers for fattening. By degrees, however, the landlords were compelled to sell their large grazing tracts owing to the greed for land of the small farmers, now in a position to exert pressure—and the old state of things passed away. Then, instead of a couple held annually, monthly sheep fairs were instituted, and many new ones sprang up in other localities. The glories of October week have vanished.

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The horse jumping competition still takes place in the grounds, and is always well attended; but the old type of country gentleman who used to frequent Ballinasloe has long since departed—to a better world, I hope.

PART III

A Bog and its Uses—Grouse and Woodcock Shooting—Tobacco Growing—Mineral Products—Obsolete Cottage Industries—Flax-Growing and the Woollen Industries—Agrarian Troubles—A Drive—Grazing Lands—Romance and Superstition—Fairies—Ghosts—The Shanachus—Native Wit—Drink.

NOT for nothing has Ireland been called the Emerald Isle. Only those who have seen it can realize the intense green of the rich pasture, dotted here and there with picturesque little cottages, and the impression of all this vivid colouring is still further accentuated by the sombre aspect of the boglands which lie right across Ireland. For as you walk along the road, on one side you may have these idyllic pastures, on the other, low-lying stretches of what looks like a black morass, broken by weird stumps of gnarled trees—fitting background for the witches of Macbeth. There is a brooding, almost a sullen, fascination in these wide expanses of uncultivated wastes, covered with their clumps of heather, scented bog myrtle, wild flax and straight red asphodel. Ireland's

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bogs, moreover, are of an enormous value to the country, as I will try to explain.

A bog is a large tract of what appears to be waste land, which as the rainy season sets in becomes too soft for even a donkey cart to pass over; though by the end of April, or a little later, it presents a busy scene. Turf-cutting commences, and the skilled cutter, needing two men with their low sideless wheelbarrows in attendance, is hard at work. He uses a kind of spade called a slane, throwing up each turf sod, which is extremely soft, brittle, and oozing water into the man's hand, who claps it into the barrow. There must be no idling here, and as one barrow-full is wheeled off to a distant bank to be emptied on dry land, the other is ready to take its place. A few days afterwards, as the sods have become a little less brittle, they are spread carefully all over the ground; and when sufficiently dry—after a spell of fair weather—they are turned over in order that both sides shall get the full benefit of the wind and sun.

About a couple of weeks later, provided the weather has been favourable, the process called footing takes place. The men then pile the turf into a skilfully-made heap, which allows the wind to pass between the different pieces. If June is a fine month, the sods should be quite firm by July and fit for storing in a shed, or in huge stacks by those who do not happen to possess sufficiently large outhouses. It is

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best to use a rather roughly constructed shed for this purpose, through which plenty of air can filter, to prevent the possibility of mould setting in. If the turf was absolutely dry when brought in, it will keep anywhere, but if it is at all damp, the air must be allowed to penetrate. There is a double risk, as—above all—any unnecessary delay must be avoided in our uncertain climate when any day it may be impossible for carts to go on the bogs and draw out the turf; while, on the other hand, once they are quite seasoned, sods only shrivel up in the sun. Sometimes the weather hinders the various operations so much that part of the turf has to be left behind altogether, because the ground has become too soft to cart it out.

In most parts of Ireland these bogs exist either in large or in small tracts; and on many estates the tenant has the privilege of cutting and taking home for his own use a reasonable quantity of turf, thereby saving himself the expense of fuel. I rather think that from force of habit this enormous benefit has not been sufficiently appreciated by our people. Few persons, comparatively speaking, who live in the country in Ireland, ever really require coal. And turf has great advantages; its odour is healthy and pleasant; it gives out neither fumes nor dirt. On the other hand, it is fairly bulky and creates considerable dust. Any way, during the war we never knew the wretchedness of those in London or Paris,

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who had not sufficient fuel for the winter, and had to pay such exorbitant prices for the little they were allowed to purchase.

Many people maintain, too, that a good quality oil, and many other by-products, could be obtained from turf if it were subjected to the right processes.

Grouse-shooting can be got over the bogs in August, but there are dangerous spots, veritable quicksands, it needs care to detect and avoid; while every little gullet is covered with heather, and even the prudent seldom escape a wetting. However, bog water is said to be very healthy!

Woodcock shooting in Ireland is quite exceptionally good. The late Lord Ardilaun was said to have made the record bag of cock on his estate near Ashford, in Connemara. Sir Henry Gore Booth told me about forty years ago that he considered his shoot at Lissadell in County Sligo the second best. There is also excellent cock shooting at Lord Dunraven's seat, Adare, County Limerick, and at many other places.

Among modern ventures, I may say that tobacco has been grown successfully on the Dunraven estate, and at Sir Nugent Everard's place in County Meath, as, indeed, it can be in many parts. According to Major Willie Redmond, the distinguished Nationalist M.P. who in the Great War was killed near Ypres, the most suitable soil in Ireland for the

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culture of that soothing commodity is County Wexford.

The western portion of Galway (Connemara) is noted for its trout and salmon fishing. The salmon under the bridge in the town of Galway present a curious sight, for sometimes they lie packed so closely as to conceal the river bed almost entirely.

But when we come to consider our mineral products, I must confess they seem rather limited. Judging from exhibits in the Royal Irish Academy, Ireland must once—at any rate in the Bronze Age—have been very rich in gold. It has even been suggested that it was in quest of this precious metal that the Gauls crossed two seas to settle in our Island. And there are signs that the ore is not yet entirely exhausted. I myself own some specimens of gold recently obtained near Limerick Junction, and in South Cork; while the gold find in County Clare in the year 1854 was comparatively large. Bauxite from County Down was used a few years ago in large quantities for the manufacture of ferrozone in South Wales. About twenty years ago I sent some slates from a quarry in Kilkenny to an exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which were awarded the Gold Medal. But as we could not obtain a sufficiently long lease, and the cost of transport (always prohibitive in Ireland) proved exceptionally heavy, the schemes for developing the quarry were abandoned. Coal is now produced in

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several districts, but here again more capital and energy are required to achieve real success.

It is sad to think that many flourishing cottage industries in Ireland have to a great extent died out. Yet such is the case, for example, with flax-weaving and the woollen industries.

The cultivation of flax had almost ceased except in the North, before the war, with the unfortunate results that foreign linen was sold in Ireland, and flax was even imported both from Germany and Russia. During the war great efforts were made to revive this industry, especially when compulsory tillage came in. But the farmers did not take kindly to the idea, because flax-growing deteriorated the ground, and so many hands were required to harvest the crop. Sixty or seventy years ago each peasant family grew a patch of flax, which they wove on primitive hand-looms during the long winter evenings, meeting at each other's houses to do the work. In those days every cottage and cabin possessed its home-made sheets, and a supply of linen for all purposes. Now I am told that very few have any sheets at all.

Several years ago the late Lady Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Burke of Marble Hill, County Galway, told me that when she married (about 1855) all the plain household linen then in use had been made by their tenants in the mountain cottages around. But she added, "the peasants have now forgotten how to make it." In

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Meath, the industry still lingered on in the seventies, as a supplement to work on the farms. One old, thrifty and hardworking labourer on my father-in-law's estate, not only made rough towels, but was able to complete a small contract for the Trim Workhouse during his winter evenings. His children, needless to say, have never followed his example.

The woollen industry survived rather longer, but is now almost entirely replaced by factories. Many years ago I bought from a peasant at Clifden (who produced the cloth out of a large sack which he carried on his back) enough material to make an excellent rough suit of clothes for ten shillings!

Unfortunately, the picturesque scarlet woollen petticoat, which used to be worn by the women in Galway, has been practically discarded by the younger generation in favour of English town fashions which are not at all becoming. Far better keep to clothes made of Irish material than adopt English garments of inferior make. I used to see the men on Sundays in delightful tail coats made of frieze with brass buttons and a tall hat—a real sabbath outfit! Frieze is warm and rainproof; it is a great pity it was ever abandoned. My own frieze coat, which has travelled with me so often, has been greatly admired abroad, and is supposed to be by all who see it an expensive article of apparel, and no better material for an overcoat exists.

Agrarian troubles are the cause of many

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of the outrages in the West of Ireland, for the land hunger is bound frequently to recur. One of my neighbours, Mr. Frank Shawe Taylor, who was both farmer and cattle-dealer on a large scale, was shot dead about a year ago as he was driving to the fair at Galway one early morning. He had become very unpopular by refusing to divide his land. Most of the tenant farmers are now owners of their farms under the Ashbourne and other subsequent Acts. In many instances it became the custom for landlords to let some of their untenanted land to graziers, who often lived at a great distance. Perhaps it is scarcely surprising that such an arrangement produced cattle-driving.

"Here are cattle on the land, owned by someone living miles away, who has far more acres than he requires," thought the man on the spot. "As I, on the other hand, need this land and can cultivate it, such a state of affairs cannot go on. I will therefore drive off his cattle, and intimidate anyone from grazing here. Eventually the landlord will be obliged to give me my own way, and let the land to me and my friends on our own terms." A "drive" was then organized by some of the leading spirits of the neighbourhood, and a general plan discussed fully at meetings which were held sometimes openly, sometimes in secret. It should be borne in mind that in many cases these people had no doubt whatever that their action was perfectly fair and justifiable.

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These last years have brought further developments. Even demesnes and land immediately round the owner's house, and already farmed by him, may be considered suitable for division. In many cases the landlord has been compelled to give up farming altogether, owing to threats from those who consider that he is in possession of too much land, whilst others have not sufficient.

Land-avarice is extraordinarily developed in Ireland. Except for that failing, the Irish are far more agreeable than people in other parts of the world; though I am afraid that their good manners, once proverbial, have recently shown a tendency to deteriorate. Still, they have not yet altogether died out, and some of the humbler people in my neighbourhood could give points to many of those in higher stations of life elsewhere. Only the other day I went into a cottage and asked an old woman for a light for my cigarette. I had never spoken to her before, but was struck by her courtesy, which brought home to me how delightful and kindhearted the old peasantry still are.

With regard to the richer lands in Leinster—grass lands which their owners have been compelled by the Board of Agriculture to plough up—years and years must elapse before they can recover. These grazing tracts could not be beaten in any part of the world for their fattening properties. Indeed, most of the land in Ireland is far more suitable for grazing than for the cultivation of crops, which are so often

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damaged by bad weather. Hay indeed generally manages to survive the rain—it has, perhaps, become inured to it—but its salvation is often effected under very trying conditions, and at a heavy cost.

Beech grows better than any other kind of tree in the West of Ireland. The finest I ever saw are those at Mount Talbot in Roscommon, of which one (near the house) is said to be the oldest in Ireland. On the whole, however, trees grow slowly in this part of the country; where many are being cut down and few, unfortunately, have been planted to replace them.

Many parts of Ireland, nevertheless, are very beautiful, and County Galway is no exception. With its hills and dales, its lakes and its irregular coast line, indented with fine harbourage for fishing smacks, it is a veritable home of romance and superstition. For though the belief in fairies and leprechauns may be passing away, it is by no means dead. To many, fairies are still real entities—beings that dwell in raths, and march in their armies on the whirls of dust and scattering leaves, under which they take refuge. There are many old people who confess to having seen these little creatures in green cloak and scarlet cap. They are oft-times credited with malign intentions; and, in any case, must be always propitiated, though they no longer carry off human children, interfere with bridal feasts, or charm

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the butter off the churn. Old thorn bushes in front of the houses are still carefully tended, and no housewife would think of leaving the hearth unswept when she "rakes" the turf fire at night, because the fairies must find everything neat and tidy for their revels, should they honour her by their visit while she sleeps. Peculiar powers, too, are attributed to natural things. For instance, it is believed that if the sand at Banagher be thrown at a horse when it is running in a race, that horse must fail to win; if at a person, he or she for the time being becomes a liar, totally unable to speak the truth. At a trial in Derry a witness excused himself with the following remark: "I cannot tell the truth; a man who is present threw the Banagher sand over me."

The following story will illustrate the belief of the old peasantry in ghosts and the supernatural. It was told me by Johnnie Egan, one of a class that was once numerous enough when every village was a little community in itself, untouched by the ways and thoughts of the greater world.

"Did you ever see a ghost, Johnnie?"

"Did I ever see a ghost? Arrah! Often and often the life was frightened out of me by them."

"And which of them gave you the worst fright?"

"'Twas the one on the ould churchyard at Hearnesebrooke Gate. I was passin' at

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midnight, thinkin' of nothin'. And instead of saying a prayer and passin' on, I looked up, and there it was, right up agin' me, the terriblest sight you ever saw. I tried to pass and I couldn't; I tried a second time, and the hair stood on an end on my head. Then I said to myself, 'one dart more to see Mary Campbell'; and lo and behold you, the wool stood of an end on my frieze coat. If you doubt me, ask Mary Campbell; and she will tell you that it took herself and the little girl a whole day with a pack of cards, combing down the coat before the wool would lie quiet." Mary Campbell was the maiden name of Johnnie's wife and the one by which he always called her. The "little girl" was his daughter, aged fifty!

Egan himself was the "shanachus" or storyteller of the little community. He made ballads that were sung at fairs and markets, enshrining patriot deeds, doleful tragedies, or little romances. Always he found a hospitable welcome and generous largesse in the mansions of the local aristocracy whose virtues he extolled in still more ambitious verse. When a young man, I took down from his dictation eulogistic poems of forty or fifty verses, each in praise of the Clanricardes, the Hearnese of Hearnesebrooke, and the Burkes of Marble Hill. These poems were crude in many ways, but beautiful in their imagery, which showed an unaccountably intimate knowledge

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of Greek and Roman mythology. Where did he get this knowledge? His reply was "it came down to him," by which he meant that it had been handed down from father to son. Johnnie used to boast that he was a real descendant of the McEgans of Redwood, the hereditary Bards of the Kings at Tara, whose ruined castle overlooks the Shannon at Portumna.

Poor Johnnie, like much of the native wit he represented, was eclipsed long before he died—about forty years ago. The "little world" whose admiration was the life and inspiration of these village imitators of a race of bards, was broken up by the coming of railways. The half-educated, but precocious products of the new National Schools, sneered out of existence the mental ascendancy so long held by the 'shanachus' in a simple community!

As to whether these National Schools will justify themselves in time I cannot say; but they have not yet extinguished all the native wit and humour. Recently a member of the Government came to Galway, incognito as he fondly hoped, to obtain some first-hand information about the conditions of country life. One afternoon he got into conversation with a peasant outside a National School, just as the children were filing out. When he remarked that it was a great thing for these children to receive a good education, the

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countryman agreed, and conversation continued thus :—

“ I suppose they all go to school ? ”

“ They do, your honour.”

“ Then there won't be a single ignoramus in the country soon.”

“ Bedad, there will not.”

“ Tell me, do you know what an ignoramus is ? ”

“ I do, your honour.”

“ Well, what is it ? ”

“ Some class of stranger like yourself, your honour ! ”

According to a patriotic priest whom I heard denouncing the drink, this is a Saxon vice imported into our country. He may have been right, but it is now certainly well acclimatized, and has taken good “ holt ” of the people. Some say (though personally I disagree) there is less drink consumed now than formerly, but there is still plenty of room for improvement. Certainly many efforts have been made to prevent heavy drinking, and the Sinn Feiners are putting it down with a stern hand. Also the priests try at times to cope with the evil. On my own estate an excellent priest and apostle in the cause of temperance once requested all the shopkeepers in the parish who held licences to refrain from the usual gift of a bottle of whisky to their customers at Christmas, and informed his congregation of what he had done in the course of his sermon

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on Xmas morning. On his way home my son overheard an old couple exchange greetings with each other, complaining gently of this unnecessary and vexatious measure on the part of their parish priest; till one of them said resignedly, "After all, I suppose we must move with the times." An old story is told in connection with this national failing. "Drink," said a preacher, "is the greatest curse to our country. It causes people to commit every sin. What makes you fire at your landlord? Drink. And what makes you so often miss him? Drink!"

The following was a personal experience.

One evening walking down Baggot Street rather late, I noticed a man trying to fit a latch key into his door, but quite unable to do so in his condition. I offered to help him. He was very grateful for my assistance; inordinately so, in fact, for whilst mentioning that something must have gone wrong with his key, he also begged to know the name of the benefactor who had done so much for him. I opened the door and pushed him in, without gratifying his curiosity. Immediately he popped out again, and became so importunate that at last I was obliged to put him off by saying that my name was Paul! This seemed to interest him deeply.

"You say your name is Paul," he said at last with concern. "Tell me, did you ever

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receive an answer to that long epistle you wrote to the Ephesians ? ”

I remember an occasion when nimbleness of speech was matched by slimness of action. It occurred in Connemara, at a time when ten-year-old “Jameson” whisky was very scarce, and difficult to procure. A certain public-house, however, advertised that they had some on sale, and consequently did very good business. One customer of an enquiring turn of mind asked the proprietor how in the world he had obtained it. The answer was simple enough—“I get four-year-old, and six-year-old, and I just mix the two together.”

Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who lived near me, had a servant who was very frank. Some festivities were going on, and the man’s behaviour caused his master to ask with severity whether he was sober. “Yes, I am sober.” was the indignant reply; “but,” added the man after a pause, “I’ll be drunk to-night.”

A distinguished Englishman inherited an estate in Ireland and came over to become acquainted with his tenantry, who, in order to propitiate him, invited him to a banquet in the local town. Champagne flowed freely, and when he eventually left, his hosts were all more or less incapacitated. Next morning he thought it would be only polite to call upon a few of the chief entertainers before leaving the town. He went first to the hotel-keeper who had presided the previous evening at the

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feast, and was informed that he had started at daybreak for a neighbouring fair. The chemist, whom he called on next, had departed by the early train to a neighbouring town. The jeweller had also gone on a business errand. The doctor was away on a sick call—in fact all the chief townspeople were apparently away on business.

He was much struck with the energy and business ways of his tenants, particularly after such a night, for he had been led to believe that they were very lazy.

About ten days later, this distinguished Englishman had occasion to return to the town, and found a large funeral in progress. He asked a man in the street if he knew who was dead, and the reply was "It's poor O'Flaherty, the chemist, and he never recovered from the banquet they gave Lord . . ." This opened his eyes as to how they had really spent the morning after the feast.

The Irish peasant views the approach of death with great serenity, and I have often met with striking examples of an almost callous attitude towards this last great adventure. An old tenant of mine was thought to be "failing" and his son asked me for a day off to go to the nearest big town and make certain purchases, "in case anything happened to the old man,"—needless to add, at the expense of "the old man." It subsequently appeared that the chief items were the necessary ingredients

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for the "wake," i.e. whisky and numerous chairs for the guests on that festive occasion. The old man is still alive, but continues to remind his family that he *must* have a decent wake when the time comes!

But it is not always that they are so ready for death. I could only persuade the faithful old carpenter on our estate to make a coffin for me, on the assurance that there could be no more certain way of adding years to my life. Once convinced, however, he has taken the coffin under his particular care, and I have found him making his way to the wing where it is stored with his bottle of oil and polishing rag. It was only the other day, by the way, I remembered it has no handles. I have been meaning to get them for years.

A young soldier friend of mine has been less fortunate than I in this matter. He had to sell his "last home"—to pay his debts at cards!

CHAPTER II

ROME

End of the Papal States—General Council, 1869—Mother and Son—Society in Rome—Blacks and Whites—A Prussian Diplomat—The Carnival in Old Days—A Great Prince—Clubs and the "People"—A Peasant Prophetess—Newman's Investiture.

In November 1869 I went with my father and mother to Rome, a place which I was destined to visit almost annually.

The railway between Monaco and Savona, the last link connecting France and Italy on the Riviera, was not then completed, so we were obliged to drive in a vetturino along the wonderful Cornice road. Neither was the tunnel through Mount Cenis yet pierced, though this great work was accomplished shortly afterwards.

It was an interesting winter in many ways, and the last in which the Roman States existed as a separate kingdom; for a few months later, (September 20, 1870) the Italian King Victor Emmanuel, taking advantage of France's defeat by Prussia, attacked Rome, which surrendered after a battle outside the Porta Pia, now called the Porta Venti Settembre. The territories,

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which had been papal possessions for so many centuries, were then added to the newly-formed kingdom, and Rome became the capital of united Italy. Already, as far back as 1860, the greater part of the Papal States (including Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna and Ancona) had been taken and annexed by Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont and Sardinia, after the battle of Castel Fidardo, not far from Ancona, where the Papal troops were greatly outnumbered and badly beaten. Then followed the annexation of the kingdom of the two Sicilies (Naples) and the whole of the south; the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the smaller principalities of Parma and Modena. The previous year, with the help of the French, Lombardy had been wrested from the Austrians. In 1866, though badly beaten at Custozza by the Austrians, the Piedmontese, thanks to the Prussian victory at Sadowa, were able to obtain possession of Venetia. So that after 1870, only Trieste and Trento remained for Italy to covet; and now after the Great War her ambitions are at last realized, for these cities and the territories around them have had to be relinquished by Austria—not to mention Fiume, which has been the cause of so much trouble of late years. By the way, the last act of the dictator Gabriel d'Annunzio before evacuating that city was to obtain for himself a divorce from his wife, Donna Maria Gallese. This he had been trying to do for many years, but was unable to manage in Italy.

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He then married a young pianist—Luisa Bacara—daughter of an old Colonel of Bersaglieri.

What was known as the General Council of the Vatican was opened in Rome on December 8, 1869. This was an assembly to which were convened all the bishops of the Catholic Church. Nearly all the nationalities of the world were represented, the sessions lasting until the following July. No such General Council had been held since the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century.

About seven hundred bishops flocked to Rome. The majority of them of course were comparatively unknown out of their own countries, but there were many world-famed figures and remarkable men present. Among the most prominent were Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Poitiers (leaders of the so-called Ultramontane section), Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Orleans, the Archbishop of Paris (afterwards shot in Paris by the Communists) and the Hungarian Bishop Strossmeyer. The last four were known as liberals and antagonistic to the *definition* of the dogma of papal infallibility—the most important subject to be discussed.

A great deal of controversy had been going on at that time in the Press, in drawing rooms and in other places, about the advisability of defining the dogma of the papal infallibility. Amongst the Ultramontane journalists was the well-known writer Louis Veuillot. He had a

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brilliant and witty pen, as any one who has read *Les Odeurs de Paris*, and others of his books must realize; he was also combative and uncompromising. These traits did not prevent him having social tact. Once my mother and my aunt wrote, unknown to each other, to ask him to dine with them on the same evening. Veuillot received the two invitations by the same post. Being afraid of giving offence to the one whose invitation he did not accept, he decided to decline both, and wrote diplomatically to each lady that he was unable to choose between *deux belles soeurs*. Veuillot's newspaper was *l'Univers*. It was considered forcibly written in those days; to readers of the present it would probably be thought quite moderate. *l'Univers* ceased to be the power it had been after Veuillot's death, for his brother, who then assumed the editorship, was not of the same calibre.

I well remember the opening day of the General Council, which was held in the northern transept of St. Peter's. One could never forget a procession composed of over six hundred bishops in full canonicals, the Swiss Guards in their uniform of yellow, black and red, designed by Michelangelo, accompanied by their N.C.O's in dark armour; the Noble Guard in scarlet, the Palatine Guard with tail coats and shakos, the members of the papal court, and lastly the Venerable Pius IX carried on the "Sedia Gestatoria" by a dozen or so footmen



POPE PIUS IX

Being carried into St. Peter's on the Sedia Gestatoria, 1867.

From a contemporary water-colour.

The figure (profile) in black on the left is the third Duke de Stacropole. Next to him (full face, with mitre) is the Archbishop of Meudo. On the right (holding letter over balustrade) is Cardinal Antonelli.

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in elaborate old-fashioned crimson liveries. The procession was formed in the Vatican Palace, came into St. Peter's by the Scala Reggia, up the choir behind the high altar; the sides of the route being kept by the Zouaves, the famous corps which had been formed four years previously by their first colonel, Charette. The Zouaves were of many nationalities, and the regiment contained about four thousand men, Dutch, Irish, Belgian, Canadian, and a few English, notably the Hon. Walter Maxwell and the late Sir William Vavasour, two popular young Yorkshiresmen. Though the words of command were given in French, not more than a third of the corps were of French nationality.

Rome was full of visitors at the time, and the Catholic aristocracy of various countries was largely represented. The Marquis of Bute, often said to be the original of the hero in Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*, had just been received into the Catholic Church by Monsignor Capel. He arrived with us, and at Christmas he and my father started for the Holy Land. They were not long together, however, for my father pushed on to Jerusalem with Mr. Henry Stourton, and the Hon. Algernon Stanley, a High Church clergyman, who subsequently became a bishop in the Catholic Church, and is now living in Rome. We occupied the first floor of the Minerva Hotel, a place which would be considered extremely antiquated in these days. On Sunday evenings a good many

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people used to drop in after dinner ; nine o'clock was then the favourite time for paying calls, before going on to a formal party or ball. Many of the Irish bishops used to come and see my mother on these nights ; Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, and Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, being the most regular of her visitors, and these were the two I also preferred. Amongst our friends I remember Mrs. Scott Murray with her three agreeable daughters ; Mrs. Higgins with her two daughters ; Mrs. Plowden, a handsome woman, wife of the great English banker in Rome ; Count de la Poer ; Mr. de la Barr Bodenam (who strange to say had only one ear), and his Polish wife ; Lord and Lady Denbigh ; Lord Ripon ; Lord Beaumont ; Lord and Lady Clifford ; and Lord Ashburnham (then Viscount St. Asaph). Lord Ashburnham had a peculiar attraction for me, as the owner of the shirt in which Charles I. was executed. It was said, and at all events believed by myself, that he wore it on every anniversary of the King's death.

The Square outside the hotel was very attractive to a small boy ; for the Roman men in their long cloaks, and the dark handsome girls that thronged it, were so picturesque. I particularly remember one lady at the hotel, a former schoolfellow of my mother's who had married Baron Ferriera, Secretary of the Portuguese Legation. I was then barely ten years of age, but being somewhat advanced

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for my age, I felt a strong admiration for the Baroness, and used to find my way to her rooms (which were just over ours) as often as I could. My mother was much amused at my infatuation, but told me that the object of my admiration was not really so beautiful as I imagined. However, I had my own opinion as to that, and never missed a chance of getting a kiss from her. Poor lady, she died within two years. My mother was much devoted to me, and allowed me a great deal of latitude; although she took a great deal of interest in my studies and never allowed me to neglect them. I had an excellent Italian tutor, who taught me his own language; and I had to work at French, German and Spanish, not to mention Roman history and mythology. As for my mother herself, she seemed to me the personification of all that was most wonderful and attractive. She had been a much loved only child, but was left fatherless and motherless at the age of fifteen, and brought up by two guardians who adored her. She was educated first at Roehampton Convent, and afterwards at St. Leonard's.

Looking back I can see that she did not treat me as an ordinary mother treats her son. I was her companion, and in so far as it was possible at that early age, her confidant. She would even ask my opinion upon her clothes. I still recollect a dress she wore when I was only six, a Scotch plaid in some silk material, for

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which I did not care. I always inquired about her partners after a ball, and did not hesitate to criticize if I thought she had danced too often with one man.

Two years later we returned to the Minerva Hotel. It was a sad visit. My last recollection of my dear mother is going with her to see the Pope. I can see her now. She was dressed in black with a velvet dress and a mantilla over her head; and I remember thinking at the time she was very quiet. On our return to the hotel she was taken ill; three weeks later, in the month of April 1872, she died of typhoid, the seeds of which had been sown in Naples. I was just twelve. Comparatively few days pass without my remembering her. It is terrible to lose one's mother so early; and all the tender guidance a boy so badly needs.

At that time there were no side walks in Rome and the lighting was very inadequate. Ladies had to drive to the Villa Borghese, the Pincio, or Villa Pamphili Doria, where they only occasionally alighted, as it was not then customary for ladies to walk in public places. As for shops—beyond a few in the Corso, the Via Condotti, and the Piazza di Spagna—there were none worth going to. The opera was fairly good, but the theatres were very poor and dirty—so that ladies did not patronize them.

In May, 1870, I attended the last review of the papal troops in the Villa Borghese. The

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army consisted of only 10,000 men, and the artillery was represented at the review by six mountain guns.

In September of the same year, after the papal garrison had surrendered to the Northern army, the Zouaves were shipped off to Marseilles. The French portion formed two battalions and called themselves *Les Volontaires de L'Ouest*, and fought with great distinction as part of the French army under Charette against the Prussians, especially at Patay, Orleans, and LeMans. Charette was promoted General in the French Army. He had previously married an American lady—and was the descendant of the gallant hero of Vendée, who was guillotined at Nantes in 1796 for having led the guerilla war against the “Convention.”

Pope Pius IX, whom I had the privilege of seeing many times from 1869 up to within a few months of his death, had a gentle nature. He was tender hearted, a friend of the poor, the sick and the sorrowful, and was easily approached. He made all those who came near him feel at ease. His memory was wonderful; and he was always full of stories of bygone days. Once he told me how my grandmother had lost a diamond in the Vatican fully twenty years before, and how it had been eventually recovered. Evening was the time usually chosen for informal visits from intimates, and I have several times talked with him in his study, and once in his bedroom—but that was a sad

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occasion, for the Pope was lying on his death-bed. I remember that the room was large, but the bed was quite low and small, and covered with a crimson silk coverlet.

Pius IX had ascended the papal throne in 1847, whilst still a youngish man, having previously been Bishop of Imola, before which he had served in the Noble Guard. When Garibaldi raised the revolution in 1848, the Pope took refuge at Gaeta in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, where he remained about a year, until the Republican army was forced to capitulate to the French under General Oudinot. It was in connection with the small town of Gaeta that my father first became acquainted with the Pope. He (my father) had recently arrived at Rome after having been at Cracow, where he had been attached to an Austrian dragoon regiment for about a year and a half, fighting against the Poles during the rebellion. Arrived in Rome, my father found himself in the throes of yet another revolution. From there he was entrusted with some letters for the Pope at Gaeta, but as he was leaving the city at the Porta San Pancranzio, he was searched by the Garibaldini, and the letters which he carried were discovered. He was driven back to the Castel Sant Angelo to be shot! But fortunately Armellini—who together with Garibaldi and Mazzini formed a triumvirate—came to the prison next day, and extricated him from his unpleasant position.

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The old Castle of Sant Angelo has been an historic prison. A long covered passage connected it with the Vatican in days gone by, so that in time of distress, especially in the middle ages, the Popes could take refuge in its strongholds. Amongst the many who have been incarcerated within its walls was that wonderful woman Catherine Sforza. Sant Angelo was ever prominent in interest, and a big gun always fired at midday to give the correct time to the people. My father remained in Italy for some time, conducting many matters for Pius IX. For these services the Order of Christ was conferred on him, one which is seldom given. The only other British subjects I can remember receiving it were the late Duke of Norfolk and one other whose name I cannot now recall. It was, however, conferred on Prince Bismarck, though what service he could have rendered to the Catholic Church is not quite clear. I rather think it must have been after the repeal of the May laws, when peace was re-established between Germany and the Papacy. During the latter part of his reign Pius IX usually held a public audience at midday in the Sala del Consistorio. A few people were admitted to the seven apartments separating his private suite from this hall, to whom he would speak a word or so on his way. After the public audience, which lasted about half an hour, some fifteen to twenty persons were invited to accompany him upon his usual walk in the Vatican gardens till about

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1.80, when he sat for awhile with those who had been asked to come with him, in the large library. One day he turned to me and said, "You come here very often—aren't you neglecting your studies?" In rainy days the walks were taken through the extensive galleries which were then, as now, full of beautiful things. He retired to dine by himself at two o'clock. From 1870 until he died in 1878 he never left the precincts of the Vatican. He gave several sittings to a Spanish artist for an oil painting of himself at my father's request. It now hangs in my room, and is an admirable likeness of the dear old man. I like to be surrounded by pictures and photographs of friends living and friends dead and gone; and I always keep a death's head in carved wood near me, which is a useful reminder of the end that awaits us all.

When Pius IX was first elected Head of the Catholic Church and sovereign of the Roman States, in succession to Gregory XVI, he chose a French subject, Count Rossi, who had formerly been the French Ambassador in Rome during Louis Phillippe's reign, as his Minister. But this able and unfortunate statesman was brutally murdered by the extreme party of that day, and strange to say it was Pius IX's gift of a liberal constitution that brought about the tragic fate of the Count. The revolutionaries feared that an era of peace was at hand, and that if reforms were carried out by Rossi, all hopes of a republic were almost certain to collapse.

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Cardinal Antonelli, who as Secretary of State had directed the Vatican's world-wide affairs since 1848, succeeded Rossi. This powerful minister lived in a handsome suite of rooms directly over those occupied by the Pope, which was approached by the same staircase. His large drawing rooms were most artistically furnished, adorned by exquisite works of art, gifts from sovereigns and princes. Antonelli was a Roman by birth, short in stature, with a sallow complexion and sharp dark eyes, but a martyr to gout. A great deal has been said and written about this famous Cardinal, and he certainly had more enemies than friends; but it must not be forgotten that he was far more of a politician than cleric, and though the requirements of the Roman custom compelled him to enter orders, he never became a priest. Personally, I recall none but kindly memories of him. He was a great friend of my family, and I always found him very genial. His brilliant intellect was rivalled by his generosity, a fact which his severest critics could not deny. He was suspected of having shown Carlist sympathies, and I am aware that he was no advocate of Queen Isabella of Spain or of the Emperor Napoleon III, from the way he discussed these sovereigns in my presence.

In 1876 we took a flat in the Via Babuino. Above us lived the Princess Witgenstein, a Polish lady whose friendship for Liszt was well

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known to all. She was then an elderly woman, and the famous composer and pianist (who also lived in Rome) frequently visited her at her flat, where I often met him and heard him play. Sometimes his masterly touch would collect a crowd in the street. Years after whilst at Simbirsk in Eastern Russia, I chanced to meet the organist of the Cathedral, and was struck by his extraordinary likeness to Liszt. I learned that he was a son of the great man, and was himself very talented. Seldom have I heard anyone play the organ as he did.

Forty years ago, the season for balls in Rome used to be in full swing at Christmas, ending at midnight on Shrove Tuesday. There were no dances during Lent, and very few after Easter. Society was then very much divided by politics. The "Whites" who had transferred their allegiance to the new order of things, went to the Quirinal Palace of which the King had taken possession. The "Blacks" were the party who had remained faithful to the Pope, and continued to protest against the occupation of Rome by the King. It was a very strained position. Some of the Roman families were even divided amongst themselves, and would not attend the same parties. In the winter of 1878, Princess Altieri was perhaps the leading hostess in Rome in the "Black" circle, but Princess Gustiniani Bandini's salon, which was slightly "Grey," was on that account the more amusing. Her several attractive daughters—two already

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married — were extremely handsome. Her youngest, who at the time was a small child, has since married Sir Esmé Howard, now Ambassador in Madrid. Prince Bandini was also Earl of Newburgh in the Scottish Peerage, so that naturally his Palazzo was rather an English-speaking centre. The Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Herbert of Lea, the Dowager Lady Lothian, the Dowager Lady Herries, and Lady Dunraven, now all dead, were amongst the most frequent visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were in Rome that winter, with their niece Miss Lamb, who was always faultlessly dressed—I remember to this day admiring her hats—and afterwards married an old schoolfellow of mine, Lord De Freyne. I used to go about a great deal with the Hon. John Maxwell, Henry Grattan Langdale, and John Bliss. The last was a great authority on Roman antiquities.

The Austrian Embassy to the Vatican, situated in the huge old Palace in the Piazza de Venetia, did not give many entertainments as the Ambassador at that time was a widower; but I recollect one very fine dance which took place there and the wonderful presents for the cotillon, always the big event of Roman balls. The Spanish Ambassador in his beautiful old house in the Piazza di Spagna, the Portuguese Legation, the Marquis de Gabriac, the French Ambassador to the Vatican at the Palazzo Colonna, and the French representative to the Quirinal in the Palazzo Farnese, all entertained largely.

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Princess Piombino was another hostess who gave many parties that winter at the Villa Ludovisi. She was a truly great lady, with several daughters and two grown-up sons. The whole family were very agreeable, and their house was one of the most pleasant in Rome. Princess Piombino's mother, Princess Borghese, who died in 1840, was a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury. The Piombinos also had a pretty place a few miles from Foligno, where I enjoyed a short visit the following spring. Their stables were filled with ponies, and each daughter had her own pair to drive. But on the whole, perhaps, I think that the Princess Altieri's parties were the best of the "Black" parties. She gave several balls, and many smaller entertainments to which her daughter Donna Laura, a pretty Milanese niece, and her daughter-in-law, contributed much to their success. Princess Altieri's husband was then a very distinguished-looking person in command of the Noble Guards at the Vatican.

The parties given by the Duchess Salviati were, on the other hand, rather stiff affairs. She always expected people to kiss her hand, as she did not approve of the "familiar habit" of hand shaking. Her husband, a man of great vigour and a good speaker, was at the head of many charitable organizations. Their home, the Palazzo Salviati, contained a number of magnificent rooms, and was therefore well adapted to entertaining.

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But the largest residence in Rome is the Barbarini Palace. Some centuries ago it is said that Prince Barberini offered a wing of his Roman house to the King of Spain whenever he came to Italy, in return for having once been lavishly entertained by that monarch. The famous Cenci picture is housed in the gallery of the Palace.

On the whole, the old Roman families led a quiet, regular existence, and their habit of driving every afternoon on the Pincio was at least a restful one. There a military band played daily, and the horses and carriages to be seen were usually extremely well turned out. The adjoining Villa Borghese was also much patronized, except on Fridays, when it was the custom to drive in the Villa Pamphili-Doria.

In the spring of 1878 Leo XIII became Pope and speedily engaged himself in many political activities. His efforts towards coming to terms with Germany, after many years of quarrel, were crowned with success. But his advances towards the French Republic were not reciprocated, and relations became gradually more and more strained, until they reached breaking point. The Marquis Rudini, who succeeded Crispi's long reign as Italian Prime Minister, was far more disposed to open negotiations with the Vatican, and settled many acrimonious matters with a friendly spirit that was beneficial alike to the Pope and to the Italian Government. At a later period matters further improved, and

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a fairly friendly feeling now exists between the two Powers.

Galimberti was the means of helping to restore the diplomatic relations with Prussia, which had been broken off by Bismarck in 1870. Count Arnim, afterwards very prominent in German politics, was then the Minister in Rome. He was a true Prussian, aggressively proud and overbearing, intolerant of any authority other than his own. The streets leading to the Vatican were very narrow, and special arrangements for the guidance of the traffic had to be made for all papal ceremonies. On the opening day of the Council, Count Arnim, in a closed carriage arrayed in his diplomatic uniform, was held up by the police in a long line of slowly crawling carriages. This act of necessary discipline so outraged the Count, that he mounted the box himself and drove his carriage furiously through the astonished police force.

Galimberti as a young man had been a priest in Bologna, but owing to an accusation in connection with a lady, had been suspended from his functions in that diocese. He then went to Rome and, having powerful influence, secured an audience of the Pope. He seems to have made out a good case, and obtained employment in Rome. After rapid promotion he was appointed Nuncio at Munich, and according to custom ought to have been consecrated Archbishop *before* arriving in the city in which

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he was to take up his post, a ceremony which required three members of the Episcopate. But the feeling among the Roman clerics was so strong against him, that the consecration was delayed until he reached Vienna. Archbishop Stonor told me himself that, to avoid being called upon as one of the officiating prelates, he had left Rome for a while, because in no circumstances would he have taken part in consecrating Galimberti. However, Pope Leo XIII seems to have always realized and utilized his great abilities, and would never listen to a word against him. It was he who so arranged matters with Prince Henry of Prussia that a Prussian minister was once more appointed to the Vatican after a gap of about twenty years.

Cardinal Howard I knew well. He had taken up his residence in Rome, was a very tall and imposing personage, and had, in his youth, been a cornet in the Life Guards. He was noted for his extraordinary knowledge of Oriental languages, and his library of books in various Eastern tongues was said to be unique amongst private collections. He gave very agreeable luncheon parties, for he had an extremely good chef; and after lunch it was his habit—at any rate, when I was of the party—to take us to see his beautiful black horses of which he was extremely fond, and the monkey which lived in the stables.

In 1888 he had a serious illness; and my

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father, Archbishop Stonor, a Danish doctor, myself and three strong menservants accompanied him from Rome to London. By the time we had reached England he had become much worse; though he was able to be safely left at Norfolk House, where I saw him for the last time. He soon had to be moved, however, to a Maison de Santé at Burgess Hill in Sussex, where in a few months he passed away. His funeral, in the Fitzalan Chapel at Arundel Castle, was one of the most impressive ceremonies I ever witnessed, the service being taken by Cardinal Vaughan and four Bishops. Stephens came down to Arundel to write an account for the *Daily Telegraph*, and when I introduced him to the Cardinal, took the opportunity of mentioning that he had written accounts of the funerals of both Newman and Manning, and that he would probably have to attend his (Cardinal Vaughan's) obsequies at some future date—a prophecy which was duly fulfilled.

Nearly all the old customs which once made Rome so interesting have passed away. There was *real* merry-making at the carnival before the penitential season of Lent, when theatres were closed, dancing suspended, and all amusements curtailed. It has lost its *raison d'être* now so few keep up the old rigours.

The races at the old carnival were a curious survival of an ancient custom that has now died out. They were started by Paul II in

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1468, and have been continuous since the middle ages. They ceased, I think, after 1870. About a dozen horses were assembled in the Piazza del Popolo, riderless, and ornamented with dangling spangles, in which spurs were probably concealed. The paving-stones were covered with sand, and shortly before dusk the fun began with a theatrical charge of dragoons down the street to clear the course. This over, the race was started by great cracking of whips etc., and the riderless horses thus excited, plunged at a terrific pace down the whole length of the Corso (about a mile and a half) as far as the Piazza Venetia, where they were brought to a standstill by great mounds of sand which barred their progress, and huge sheets which had been stretched across the street. The shouts and cheers of the populace lining the Corso were deafening. Finally the winning horse was presented with a banner by the wealthy Jews of the city (indeed, I believe this custom was the result of some old tax on Jews) whose pride was that the banner should always be a beautiful one. Later on in the evening the victorious horse was paraded in a large car through the smaller streets of the city. Afterwards, as it grew dark, thousands congregated at the windows of the innumerable balconies in the Corso, with lighted candles in their hands. Each endeavoured to keep his own aflame, whilst seeking by every possible means to extinguish those held by others; a

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form of amusement which caused uproarious merriment.

But Rome has extended enormously during the last fifty years, and is now like any other city. A network of tram lines, and thousands of large, new houses, not in the best style, have been planked down amidst the wonderful relics of paganism and early christian architecture; destroying the old-fashioned charm of the city by their modern appearance. I admit that improvements were undoubtedly required; that formerly the streets of Rome were narrow and none too clean; but the necessary changes could have been planned to maintain, so far as possible, the old existing features. Even the building materials recently employed seem inferior. How different everything must look now from the days when Rome was the capital of the world, and everything was substantial and splendid. The sanitation, indeed, has greatly improved. Before its banks were built up, the river Tiber used to overflow periodically, leaving disagreeable germs behind it as it ebbed, in the low-lying parts of the city. These unpleasant floods no longer take place, thanks to the large sums spent on erecting these banks. Even to-day old Romans fear the hour of sunset, when the atmosphere is believed to be unhealthy; and a glass of vermouth is recommended at that dangerous time as a good tonic and preventative of fever.

In 1880 Archbishop Kirby was still Rector

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of the Irish College in Rome, and though so long away from his own country, had lost none of his Irish patriotism or genial manners. His hospitality was proverbial; the fare at the College was simple, but the warmth of the welcome bestowed upon those invited to partake of it was very agreeable. The *Freeman's Journal* was always to be found at the College, and political matters were not forgotten.

Prince Massimo, who died last winter, was the head of a family that claimed descent from Fabius Maximus. This famous ancestor flourished many years B.C., and tradition runs that he was awarded as much land as could be ploughed in one day, for saving Rome against the invaders of that period. The Prince's more immediate ancestors held the hereditary office of Postmaster-General of the Roman States under the Papacy. Up to the last, the Prince kept up the old custom of driving to the Vatican in his state carriage on New Year's Day, his coachman wearing the wide glazed hat that had been used in the past. But Massimo had a modern side also, for many years ago he introduced a hansom cab into Rome. It was slightly different in build to our hansom; for instead of the coachman sitting in the centre of the back of the cab, he was perched on the right side, and the Prince used a doorway on the left half of the back. Massimo was a quaint figure with his long untidy whiskers. The collection of antique ivory ornaments in

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the old Palazzo was larger and more valuable, I believe, than any other private collection in the world. Tradition states that a dead baby belonging to one of the family was brought to life again by St. Philip Neri (founder of the Oratorians), and the large room on the second floor where this miracle was wrought has been turned into a magnificent chapel, which is opened to the public on each anniversary, and visited by thousands. My father was christened in this Chapel in 1829, the Prince's father being his godfather.

The mother of Prince Massimo was a Princess of Savoy Carignan. In 1860 he married the daughter of the Duchess de Berry, who some years after the assassination of her first husband in Paris (1821) married the Duke della Grazia. Princess Massimo is therefore the grand-daughter of King Francis I of Naples. She is now well over ninety years of age, has always led a retired life, but is very charitable.

Years ago at Arsoli, in the woods belonging to the late Prince, I had an opportunity of shooting a wild boar. The boars in Italy are much smaller than those I had seen in the north of France, and the method of hunting them is also totally different. A battue is organized and they are shot with a rifle. A good many boars used to be found in the Roman Campagna, where also a pack of foxhounds run on English lines has existed for many years.

I always think that the Roman crowd is about

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the best dressed in the world, and the humbler classes show to greater advantage than in other cities. Their manners too, were excellent, at any rate, in the old days. The only drawback in a large gathering in Italy is the horribly strong tobacco in which the men indulge, and the odour of their long coarse cigars made partly of straw !

But the tone of the conversations even at the best clubs in Rome was neither edifying nor instructive ; and the majority of men seemed to spend their time in gambling or in talking scandal. The morality of the wives of absent members was quite frequently the subject of general conversation at the long luncheon table ; and beyond the subject of women and their frailties, I seldom heard any other topic under discussion. No books were visible, for the simple reason, I suppose, that nobody would have read them had they been there. Altogether, everything in fact was entirely unlike a London Club ; where men with opposite tastes and views meet together and conversation is often pleasant ; where one can read plenty of instructive books and periodicals ; and where pens for letter-writing are far better looked after than in private houses.

There are few towns in Italy that I have not visited. Hardly one of them is without historical interest, and all, big and small alike, contain some famous works of art. Once when still a schoolboy I spent a night at Perugia

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with Cardinal Pecci, who was shortly to become Leo XIII. He was very keen on educational matters, and I must confess that he rather spoilt my visit by constantly returning to this subject—one seldom appreciated by boys of fifteen. Some years before, whilst Nuncio in Brussels, he had been to London on some mission, and when there, had the privilege of an interview with Queen Victoria. He was always greatly interested in English and Irish affairs, and for that matter in the politics of all countries. He certainly possessed great brains, and his splendid mental powers were still unimpaired when he died—well over ninety years of age.

The last time I had the honour of being received by him in March 1896, was shortly before his end; and I found him just as keen about obtaining information on Irish affairs as ever. His own knowledge of everything that was going on in Europe was well-nigh marvellous. He kept up the old habit of asking every imaginable question, wanting always to be well informed, and never neglecting to hear any detail, however trivial, if he thought it would give him a better grasp of a subject. His manner had greatly softened with advancing years, and I came away with a more pleasant appreciation of him than I had ever had before.

Cardinal Franchi, who had obtained a few votes in the election which placed Leo XIII

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on the papal throne, and who died some years afterwards (it was generally believed by poisoning), was, however, a far more genial type of man. He, too, had had a diplomatic career; had been Nuncio for a long time in Madrid during the reign of Queen Isabella, and was once sent on a mission to the Sultan. He also paid a visit to Ireland, and I can remember him telling me of his impressions of the country; how greatly he had been interested by all he had seen and how pleased with the hospitality shown to him. This, however, did not prevent him from passing criticisms.

The last time I went to Rome I found that the Borghese Palace, one of the finest of old Roman residences, had been turned into a vast antiquity shop. Owing I believe to some unfortunate speculation, the ancient family to whom the Palace belonged had come upon disastrous times. It was depressing to see the change. Princess Borghese, whom I had known previously, was the daughter of a former Austrian Ambassador in Paris, Count Apponyi; and a charming woman.

Italy is the home of many visionaries. The most curious dreamer I ever met was David Lazzaretti. When we went to see him he was living in the mountains, many miles from Grosseto in the Maremma, and was busy building a high tower. He explained to us that until this ugly object was completed, he could not

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begin his "mission" in life. It appeared that he believed he was to become the ruler of France and Italy, after reconquering the Holy Land from the Turks. In fact there was, through him, to be a kind of a revival of the Empire of Charlemagne. The peasants for miles around looked upon him as a sort of saint and prophet, and always spoke of him with the greatest respect. To me he seemed a very ordinary kind of person with a very extraordinary craze, and none of our party were at all impressed. Perhaps our donkey ride of many miles over mountain tracks in a fog, to reach his abode, had not put us into a very receptive mood. His end came some years later when he set out upon his campaign, or "mission," with a large following of half-armed peasants, and descended from his hilly abode, to the plains of Grosseto. There he was shot by the Carabinieri as a rebel.

I have seen others, chiefly women, who one and all gave vent to wonderful prophecies, and imagined themselves to be very remarkable people. But only one impressed me, and she was a peasant woman at Oria near Brindisi. She lived in a poor little cottage with her father and mother, and had lain in bed for fourteen years with spinal disease which caused her great suffering. She was a model of patience, and her gift of prophecy was marvellous. Moreover, she would accept neither money nor gifts of any kind, and very few people were allowed

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to see her. Those few invariably came away believing strongly in her sanctity. She was quite uneducated, and could neither read nor write. Every Friday in the middle of the day, the stigmata appeared on her hands and forehead, and she became unconscious. Only through the Bishop, could we get permission to visit her. My father happened to see her on March 14, 1870, and she then told him he must not stay in Paris long (as he intended doing) for in six months' time he would not be able to leave it. Six months after to the very day (September 14th), Paris was encircled by the Prussians!

Another time she prophesied that King Victor Emmanuel would die at the Quirinal Palace. As a matter of fact, though the King always passed a certain portion of his day at the Quirinal, he never in any circumstances slept there. But some years later he was taken ill at the Quirinal in the day time, could not be moved, and subsequently died there.

Many were the stories of Palma of Oria, and it is certain no one ever left her without feeling the better for her advice.

One interesting little ceremony that I witnessed in the seventies was Newman's investiture of the Insignia, on his being created a Cardinal. It took place at the "Tempietto," a quaint old house at the corner of the Via Gregoriana and the Via Sistina, where he was staying at the

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time. An envoy from the Vatican brought the scarlet biretta, read the decree of the nomination and, according to custom, was accompanied by one of the "Guardia Nobile" who received a handsome present from the new member of the College of Cardinals. There are usually five or six new creations at the same time and, when they are all assembled in Rome, the important ceremony at which the Pope confers the "Hat" on the new Cardinals takes place with much pomp at the Sistine Chapel. Newman's short speech, acknowledging the honour paid to him, was a little masterpiece of its kind, for he had a great gift of utilizing the English language to the best advantage. Nowadays the "Hat" is never worn after the investiture, but on the death of the owner it is suspended from the ceiling of the church over his remains. The maximum number of Cardinals is fixed at seventy; at present there are sixty-three.

Newman's opinions on certain subjects undoubtedly prevented him from receiving this dignity to which he was for many reasons so clearly marked out, earlier in life. So-called "liberal" views were not in much favour at the Vatican in those days.

A long time afterwards, I took my daughter, then about three years of age, to see the Cardinal at the Oratory, Edgbaston. As he was not well enough to come downstairs, he allowed me to bring her to his room, remarking that this

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was the first time a lady had been given the privilege, presumably, it was the last. He was then very old and feeble, but his intellect was as clear as ever.

CHAPTER III

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON

**The London of Yesterday—Hotels—Restaurants—Theatres—
Music Halls—The Pelican Club and the Lyric—The Hawk—
Irving and St. Peter—Drury Lane—The Baddeley Cake—
First Night Suppers—Westminster Cathedral—Canteens—
Two Chances and Fate—Diplomats—Clubland—The Value
of Advertisements.**

LONDON was a very different place in the days of my boyhood to what it is now. It was a quieter, more restful, and in many ways a more comfortable city than the vast London of to-day, with its welter of monstrous motor omnibuses, taxicabs and unequally paced vehicles, and its congested crowds of pedestrians. The old lumbering horse omnibus of the seventies, with its crude iron ladder, pursued a leisurely, if jolting course, down the comparatively empty thoroughfares; carriages drawn by well-groomed horses, smart hansoms, and respectable growlers drove placidly along the macadamised roads; the ubiquitous bicycle did not dodge in and out of the heavier vehicles, for it was not yet sufficiently advanced, or popular, to be the nuisance it was later destined to become.

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Looking back, it appears to me that what we have gained in "hustle" we have lost in peace and dignity. There used to be a repose in the lives of people, in their speech, and about the streets, which can hardly be imagined, and I dare say even not appreciated by the present pushing generation. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* The Victorian era may have been dull; it was at any rate solid and constructive. And it had its advantages.

Gradually, even in my lifetime, many ancient landmarks have been destroyed, and new ones erected in their place—relics of architectural beauty such as Temple Bar, removed to make way for the increasing traffic—improvements long discussed before they were carried out, at length begun and finished. Such an improvement was the embankment; suggested by Sir Christopher Wren in the seventeenth century, foreshadowed later in a scene at the Covent Garden Pantomime as "a pleasing anticipation of a splendid dream"; completed even to the portion between Blackfriars Bridge (also opened at that time) and Westminster Bridge, in 1870. There were few hotels then. Northumberland Avenue, the home of some of these great buildings, had just been pierced, and was still replete with high hoardings covered for the most part with insignificant advertisements. These were more often than not mere repetitions of a name or nostrum—and seldom, if ever, I am bound to admit, attained to the artistic level

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of the poster of to-day. About the first advertisement of any real merit to be bought and exhibited was that of Pears' firm who paid a vast sum for Millais's well-known picture "Bubbles"—but this was at a considerably later date. To return to the hotels. Neither the Carlton nor the Savoy had been thought of, still less the Ritz. Upon the site now occupied by the Carlton stood Her Majesty's Theatre, a large, handsome, stucco-faced building surrounded by a colonnade. This theatre had gone through many vicissitudes, and was three times burnt down. At the time of which I write, it was practically owned by Mr. Montagu, who had the reputation of deriving a larger income from land (in Yorkshire and Cornwall) than any other commoner in England. Montagu was a peculiar-looking man; he was very untidy in his dress, and I *have* seen him without a collar. Though his morals were not particularly conspicuous—he never married—he was a very orthodox conservative, and thought nothing of giving £30,000 to his party in Yorkshire at a general election. Indeed, he considered it a duty. Once I stayed a night at his house, Igmanthorpe Hall, in Yorkshire. His son Andrew appeared next morning about 7.30 in my room accompanied by his body servant (as he always called him) carrying a large tray full of bottles containing every conceivable drink from liqueurs to bottled stout. Upon my observing that I did not want anything at that arly hour, Andrew Montagu replied, "I did

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not come to ask you *that*, I came to ask you *which* you would take."

When I first joined the Militia, this young man at once selected me to see him safely to his billet every night, remarking that I was to be trusted, inasmuch as drink had no attractions for me! Later on in the evenings, some subalterns would arrive at his rooms for the purpose of "drawing" him, when Montagu would stand at the head of the staircase to greet them, loaded rifle in hand. As this warm reception was a little more than they had bargained for, these young fellows gradually gave up going to his rooms. Sometimes Montagu showed a strong desire to use his rifle at all costs. There was a hatter's shop opposite his rooms which displayed a large golden hat, standing right out into the street, that irritated him beyond control, and once, when he had levelled his rifle at the golden emblem, I was only just in time to knock the weapon up out of his hand. The bullet pierced the ceiling of his sitting room, instead of going through the shop window. He died young, and when I wrote to the family solicitor suggesting a repayment of the various loans I had made him, I was informed he had left so many debts that his father did not propose to pay any of them!

The structural alterations in so progressive a city as London are effected with such rapidity, that their extent can only be realized when studied in retrospect. For example, the de-

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molition of St. James's Hall, once the famous home of music, and of the celebrated Moore and Burgess minstrels, to which even the strict Victorian clergy might go with impunity; the destruction of the Egyptian Hall—the so called Home of Mystery—and the gradual transformation of the south side of Piccadilly from the Circus to the newly erected Ritz, were of course noticed at the time; but have long since been forgotten, or, at best, become a memory.

Nor had the octopus tentacles of London yet stretched out to the inordinate stranglehold of to-day, sucking the life out of the green fields of Maida Vale, Golders Green, and the meadow lands which lay right up against one side of Gloucester road, of which the other was then being built. Sir Bernard Burke, my wife's uncle, told me that he had shot snipe on the Cadogan Estate as recently as 1880; and I remember in 1876 seeing Cadogan Square and Pont Street in course of erection. But that neighbourhood was then considered rather "out of the way"; and when some friends of ours, Lord and Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox, bought number twenty-seven Pont Street (in which as yet only about a dozen of the new houses had been completed) we coupled the transaction with a story we had heard of gambling losses, and concluded they must be in a bad financial position. Lord Alexander's son, Cosmo, who only died recently, went on the stage and also wrote some successful adaptations of French

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plays. I gave him his first riding-lessons when he was a little boy staying with his parents at Stoke Farm, near Slough. He was married for a time to that brilliant actress, Marie Tempest.

Restaurants and teashops were practically non-existent in the seventies, for the epidemic of "meals out" had not yet swept over the country. The Café Royal and the Criterion were, I should say, almost the first large restaurants of note; although Verrey's was well-known in the 'thirties. I well remember lunching at a place called the "Pall Mall" at the corner of Cockspur Street in 1869. It was a nice little restaurant with about twelve tables, but was evidently not paying at the time. Possibly catering was not so good as at present, for I recollect a young man of my acquaintance entering a small club in Bond Street rather late one evening, clamouring for food, and being considerably annoyed when he heard that there was nothing left. "Confound it" he said at last; "I saw a parrot in the hall, I'll eat him." In vain the waiter suggested respectfully that the parrot would be tough. My friend, who was a little over the line, was not to be gainsaid, and offered five pounds for the bird, doubling his offer on refusal; only to find when the wretched creature was at last killed, cooked, and served up for his consumption that it was, as the waiter had prognosticated, unfit to eat.

But on the whole people lived much more at home, and led a far more simple life in those

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days. The servant difficulty, combined with the increased facility and rapidity of getting from one part of London to another, may be the cause of so many householders entertaining at restaurants, and even frequently using them for their family dinners.

The theatre quarters have undergone great changes. It is interesting to look back and realize the number of new theatres which opened about the end of the nineteenth century, and their gradual migration towards the West End. In 1870 the Strand was almost the only centre for such places of amusement. But the Opera Comique, where Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore" was produced with such success; the Strand; the Globe at which Florence St. John and Barry Sullivan won great fame in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and Tooles have all been since pulled down. Terry's theatre is more modern, and is, I fancy, the only one that has been added to the Strand, unless we except the present Gaiety, which was re-built close to the old site.

The Criterion opened about 1875, one of the earliest plays produced being "The Pink Dominoes," and was the forerunner of all those theatres built in Shaftesbury Avenue, when that thoroughfare was thrown open. The Prince of Wales', the Comedy, and all those in Charing Cross Road are of a later date, but the Princess' in Oxford Street (where Lady Bancroft had her early triumphs, and where I have witnessed

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many a blood-curdling drama), has long since disappeared. Wilson Barrett was, I believe, the last tenant, and produced among other plays the "Silver King" and the "Lights o' London."

Apropos of the old Gaiety, I remember a little incident which caused us much amusement in the days of our light-hearted youthfulness. My old school-friend Johnny Maxwell (the youngest son of Lord Herries, who died in the early eighties) and I, called on the way to the theatre to pick up a friend who was noted for his empty-headedness and his pomposity. Needless to say, the young man was not ready; and being rather flurried at having to complete his toilet more hastily than he had anticipated, he snatched up a garment which he imagined was his overcoat, and threw it over his arm. Arrived at the theatre our friend took his seat, flinging the garment over the back of his stall with his usual grand air; but lo and behold, to the astonishment of the onlookers and our unbounded joy, the overcoat proved to be a pair of trousers!

Music halls in those days were few and far between. The Oxford, a converted inn and coaching-yard, the Holborn and the Pavilion were about the only ones in London which people frequented, and it must be remembered that the old Pavilion was a very modest hall in comparison with that of the present day. Entertainments at these

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places of amusement were conducted on quite other lines from any of the modern methods. The chairman used to sit with his back to the stage, on a chair in the middle of what would now be the front row of the stalls; a table immediately in front of him, a few intimates seated either side. From this position it was his duty to announce each new item and performer, heralding his introductions with a smart rap of his hammer. The chairman had to be a man of pre-eminent tact, for it was part of his work to keep a watchful eye on the public, to prevent the scimmages and rows amongst the audience which were far from being infrequent. As a boy of seventeen I was arrested one night at the Pavilion, for no other reason that I was aware of, than a general uproar (the cause of which I do not know to this day) in which I had been badly jostled by a lot of roughs. The policeman who took me in charge was very fierce, as he marshalled me in the direction of Vine Street; but I managed to mollify him at last with the sum of ten shillings—all I had in my pocket, and plainly not considered an adequate bribe. Still, I was allowed to go free. I imagine policemen in those days had not reached their present moral standard. Be that as it may, it was in consequence of these little disturbances that ladies never used to venture into a music hall.

The Great Variety Theatre in Leicester

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Square, built in the Moorish style of architecture, was burnt down in the eighties, and the Alhambra rose, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Since then, a great number of music halls have been opened, to which both men and women can go without danger of sudden irritations, and consequent uproars amongst the audience. Will these halls in their turn be swept away by the tide in favour of the cinema?

The Pelican Club was a curious institution started in 1887, and destined for a great, though temporary success. We are told that the first act of Charles I when he came to the throne was to forbid all Sunday amusements; and it certainly seemed as though in 1870 and 1880 we still lived under the aegis of that act. But the Pelican Club, a truly Bohemian affair, broke ruthlessly from its protection, for the one large room in its snug little premises was used for Sunday evening entertainments, and the reign of long dull Sabbaths was over. Mr. Wells, better known by the nickname of "Swears and Wells" or plain "Swears," was the proprietor; the staff of the *Sporting Times*, including "Ballyhooley" (Bob Martin), "Pot" (Henry Pottinger Stephens,) also the "Master"; and various men of that type, were its chief and regular patrons. Neither must Hughie Drummond be forgotten, a cheerful, daredevil of a fellow, well known to all the West End police for his innumerable practical jokes. Bob Martin, who belonged to an ancient

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Galway family was a particular friend of mine. Many a witty saying did Bob roll out, and many a clever song did he compose. He once described a certain bit of bog on the line from Galway to Clifden, which the engineers found impossible to fill up, as being like an English tourist. Asked why he so described it, he replied "because it would swallow anything." "Killaloe" and "Ballyhooley," which were sung with enormous success by Lonnon at the Gaiety, played on every barrel organ in the kingdom, and the most popular street songs of the day, were Martin's compositions. Many years afterwards, when Bob was thought to be dying but rallied rather unexpectedly, he informed the doctor in attendance, with a flash of his old humour, that "the wake would have to be put off to another day."

"Pot" was another old acquaintance of my boyhood. He was the nephew of two bishops, one a Catholic and the other an Anglican. Doubtless neither of these dignitaries were especially proud of him. He was responsible for the column "Day by Day" in the *Daily Telegraph*, and had previously worked in Paris under Blowitz, the celebrated correspondent to *The Times*. Whisky was his ruin in the long run, and in spite of the kindly intervention of Lady Le Sage (wife of the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*), his services had eventually to be dispensed with by the newspaper. "Pot" also wrote the libretto of the "Red Hussar," and

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other light operettas, and many young ladies were introduced through him to the lighter section of the theatrical profession. Belle Bilton, for instance, who afterwards married Lord Clancarty, obtained her earliest engagement at the Islington music hall through the agency of Pot Stephens. I was present at her first appearance on the boards, and at the supper given at "Rules" by Stephens in her honour after the performance. This restaurant was in Maiden Lane, then a popular evening resort. Belle Bilton, who was small and extremely pretty, secured an immediate success. At a ball given at the Freemasons' Tavern about that time, at which the sole qualifications for admission were good looks and a smart appearance, Belle Bilton, dressed in pink, was the beauty of the evening. I see by an old programme still in my possession that the committee included myself, Lord Queensberry, Lord Mandeville, Lord De Clifford, Arthur Roberts, Bob Martin, and Stephen Colman. Colman was a very massive person, and a specially large arm chair was reserved for him at the Pelican. On its seat was written in gold letters, "Fatty Colman, his chair."

It was at this ball at the Freemasons' Tavern that Hughie Drummond, who was sitting next to me at supper, rose to make a speech, beginning with the time-honoured "Ladies and Gentlemen"! A disrespectful titter immediately broke out from the female portion of the assembly,

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who evidently thought that Hughie had taken more champagne than was good for him, and they expected to hear something funny. Curious to relate he was perfectly sober, and after rapping out the retort, "Well, you like to be called ladies" (a reply which produced immediate silence), he proceeded to make one of the raciest speeches I have ever heard.

Another character who used to frequent the Pelican Club was Major Hope Johnstone. He had run through large sums of money in his day, and was invariably hard up. Once, when he happened to be in particularly low water, he offered to sell his waxed moustaches, which were of inordinate length, to anybody who would buy them for a consideration. Lord De Clifford closed with him immediately and offered £5 for this memento. Subsequently De Clifford presented this trophy in a gold framed case to the club, along with a proviso that the deal was not to establish a precedent!

Later on the Pelican moved to a palatial residence in Gerard Street. A large room under the level of the street was built for the boxing contests then becoming the fashion, upon which Lord Queensberry was the chief authority. But the new premises were so large that the club lost its individuality and eventually went to pieces. When the New Club in Covent Garden failed, the Lyric was started in Bond Street, a feature of both these clubs was that ladies were allowed, and indeed expected to

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dine there in large numbers. Previous to this, there were few men's clubs to which women were admitted, though at the Bachelors, (started about 1881) and the Wellington, there were dining rooms reserved for their entertainment.

Subsequently the Lyric was removed to a house in Coventry Street, a smart little theatre being attached to the premises. Amongst the celebrated people who gave their services to this club *a titre gracieux*, were Sarah Bernhardt and those two charming actresses Eva and Decima Moore. We had Paderewski and Sandow before they were seen by the public. For the Sunday evenings every table was booked long in advance. Once Augustus Harris lent his band, and "Philemon et Baucis" was performed by two well-known singers.

Luther Mundy was the director of the Lyric. He was in charge of all arrangements, an excellent organizer, and very popular with the theatrical profession. During the summer months, concerts were held every Sunday night at the country club house at Barnes. But this club followed the fate of the Pelican within a few years, and the cashier was removed to Wormwood Scrubbs for having helped himself to the tune of some thousands of the club funds.

Amongst my other experiences, I was once a director, in company with Major-General Keate, and the late Augustus Moore who acted in the capacity of editor, of a syndicate that

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owned the *Hawk*, a paper which came into existence on the sudden demise of the *Bat*. The *Hawk* was a sixpenny weekly, dealing with theatrical matters, ladies' fashions, racing, finance, and all sorts of social matters. It was "got up" somewhat after the style of *Truth*, with a brick-coloured cover. The late Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy often wrote the leading articles. His father was at one time leader of the Irish party in the Commons, but his disposition proved too literary and gentle to manage those turbulent spirits with any measure of success.

Another distinguished writer who also contributed articles of importance was the well-known novelist, George Moore, brother of the editor. It was an interesting undertaking in many ways, not least as a revelation of human nature. On one occasion, when staying at a country house, I was pleased to see a copy of the *Hawk* lying on a table in a conspicuous place. Of course I opened it, and found a full account of my host and hostess, the Prince who was among the guests, and of all the house party. My hostess appeared annoyed; told me she did not at all approve of such publicity, and that she strongly objected to the vulgarity of papers which recorded people's private affairs. On my return to London I went to see Moore, as I thought he ought in future to be more careful about what was inserted in the *Hawk*. For answer he took me to a cupboard, and

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brought out a packet of letters from my "indignant" hostess; beginning with one to ask if he wanted a private correspondent, and culminating in the "vulgar" account of her own house party!

Cecil Raleigh and Jimmy Glover, who afterwards became famous in connection with Drury Lane, were also members of the staff of the *Hawk*, and Florence St. John, the great star of light opera, was one of its chief shareholders. She had become famous, as I stated earlier, in "Les Cloches de Corneville", and continued to delight large and enthusiastic audiences for years.

What a number of well-known names rise to my memory; names of actors and actresses I have met at one time or another, some dead and gone, others, I am glad to say, still living, and what is more, still acting. Julia Neilson and her cousin Lily Hanbury, both tall and beautiful women, were stars at the Haymarket in the nineties. Before going out to the Boer War, where he was killed, Lord Ava was most anxious to marry Lily Hanbury, but she could not be persuaded to accept him. Later on she married a rich accountant in the city, and died shortly afterwards. Julia Neilson possessed a charming, well-trained voice, and had been destined for the concert platform before her talent for the stage was discovered. When cycling first became the fashion for women, I remember giving her a lesson in Battersea

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Park, then a resort for cyclists, and finding her an apt pupil. Her husband, Fred Terry, belongs to that talented family which has brought such lustre to the London stage; and their daughter, who I remember as a pretty, fair child, has inherited their gifts.

Then there was Kate Vaughan, most ethereal of dancers; Nellie Farren, that splendid comedienne; poor Lonnon who died of consumption; Connie Gilchrist, Letty Lind, and Fred Leslie—all stars of the old Gaiety. Never, before or after his time, have I seen anyone to match Fred Leslie in his own particular line. And last, but not least, there was Mrs. John Wood, leading lady in the Drury Lane autumn drama, a delightful elderly woman, with very strong views about what she considered the lack of proper training displayed upon the stage. She informed me that most of the performers at that time were “only fitted to be shop girls.”

John Hollingshead was the manager of the old Gaiety, and kept the “sacred lamp of burlesque,” as he used to call it, alight for many years. But merit was a necessity to success in those days; beauty alone could not achieve it. Somewhere in the eighties, Miss Sedohr Rhodes, an American girl who had studied singing under the famous Blanche Marchesi, was considerably boomed, and in due course came out at the Lyric. But, as her singing proved to be nothing out of the

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ordinary, and she was not at all a good actress, she did not find favour with the public. Rather an amusing story was told me by Miss Rhodes who, when in London, stayed at the Prince of Wales Chambers in Coventry Street. On hearing of this address, her mother wrote quite seriously from some Western State of America to say that she had always understood that the Prince of Wales was a very fast man, and she did not think her daughter ought to be staying at his chambers! Truly a simple-minded woman.

Another American who had made a hit in "Manon" at the Paris Opera House, but who failed to win favour at Covent Garden, was Sybil Saunderson. She afterwards left the stage and married a rich Cuban called Terry. Her sister was equally beautiful, and a good artist. Her pastels were finished works of art.

One of the finest actresses I have ever known, and a most serious artist, is Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

She made good immediately at her first appearance on a London stage, and was much sought after. A young man of my acquaintance was particularly anxious to be introduced to her, so I arranged a little supper-party for the purpose. But he was rather a foolish fellow, and at once started paying very marked attention to the lady in question, whereupon he received a well-merited repulse. "You do not seem accustomed to the society of actresses," said Mrs. Campbell quietly. The young man in-

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dignantly remonstrated. "Oh no," answered Mrs. Campbell, "you are thinking of Gaiety girls." This same young man kept a pack of hounds, and confided to me one day that he was not much good with horses, and the chief pleasure he derived from his hounds was in talking about them to the young ladies he took to the Gaiety.

I used to know the great comedian Toole. For some reason or other he was once chosen to present a gold cigarette case to Henry Irving at a little gathering at which I was present. This was the unexpected conclusion of Toole's speech :

"Last night I had a dream. I dreamt that I was dead, and that I climbed the staircase up to heaven. It was a long, long way, but eventually I reached the top and knocked at the golden gates. St. Peter opened them.

" 'Who's there ? ' asked the Apostle.

" 'Toole,' I replied.

" 'What—Toole, the actor ? ' "

" I modestly assented.

" 'Sorry ' said St. Peter, as he firmly locked the gates against me, ' no actors are admitted into heaven.'

" I hurried away disconsolately, and retraced my footsteps down the shining staircase. For a while I lingered at the bottom, wondering what I should do next, when I saw a familiar figure. It was Henry Irving. He too pushed up the heavenly stairs. Ah ha ! my friend,

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thought I, you also are about to receive a rap over your knuckles. I hurried noiselessly after him, hoping to be in time to witness his discomfiture.

"Again St. Peter unlocked the gates; again he asked, 'Who's there?'"

"'Irving' came the answer.

"'What, Henry Irving?'—and to my astonishment he threw the gates wide open and Irving entered.

"Indignantly I protested.

"'You told me actors were not admitted into heaven, and you have just let in my friend.'"

"'Oh, Irving,' said St. Peter, 'he's no actor!'"

And with this, Toole presented the cigarette case to his victim.

The institution of the Baddeley cake at Drury Lane came from a small legacy which brought in £8 a year. The money was left in the eighteenth century by an actor of that name, and was to be spent in providing a Twelfth Night cake in the green room for the performers every January 6th. Sir Augustus Harris rather altered the complexion of this little gathering by instituting a big ball at Covent Garden, to which many people outside the theatrical profession were also invited. And a cheery late night it used to be! The stalls were boarded in on a level with the stage where the orchestra and supper tables were placed. In this connection I may add that the first motor-cycle

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I ever saw was one which Sir Augustus Harris tried to put upon the Drury Lane stage. But it would never go more than a few yards at a time, and as it refused to work properly, it had unfortunately to be deleted from the programme.

Sir Herbert Tree started the "First-Night" suppers, which began in a small way, chiefly for the benefit of his friends belonging to the "profession." These entertainments were given on the stage immediately after the curtain fell. I once took Miss Lane Fox, my father's god-child, to a first-night performance at the "Haymarket," and afterwards to join the supper party. Tree was considerably amused to hear that this was Miss Lane Fox's last appearance in the "world," as she was retiring to a convent the very next day.

Miss Lane Fox's father was the well-known Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League, to which he devoted so much time and energy. He was an excellent speaker and a good organizer. He and Cardinal Manning were very devoted friends. Manning had the reputation of being rather a frigid person, but I came away with a quite different opinion, after I had called upon him in company with Mr. Lane Fox. That frigidity was the usual impression he conveyed to people is beyond all doubt. Another cleric and wit, Monsignor Weld, one day complained to me that he had caught a chill, and, upon my asking him how he had done that, he

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replied that he had just shaken hands with the Cardinal.

Cardinal Manning, and Lane Fox were indeed great contrasts to each other, both in character and appearance. The latter, with his striking figure, his shapely though massive frame, his splendidly moulded head and brows, his beaming smile and ready wit which did not cause him to forfeit the regard of his friends, even though it never spared them; the former tall, spare, rigid, with keen penetrating eyes, the whole man expressive of intense concentration, understanding and earnestness which, however, in Lane Fox's company, were almost stirred to geniality. Cardinal Vaughan, Manning's successor, who built Westminster Cathedral, was a man of more expansive type, possessing a remarkably fine appearance, combined with a most agreeable manner; the usual characteristics of this distinguished family. Quite recently I happened to come across some letters written by him to my father, which not only revealed his great kindness of heart, but his singular humility of mind.

His youngest brother—Father Bernard, the distinguished Jesuit—has a very keen sense of humour. Years ago, when the late King Edward had just started motoring, and seemed a little anxious about the safety of this new mode of progression, he laughingly asked Father Vaughan how to protect himself from accidents, and who was the patron saint of motor cars.

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To which the Jesuit replied : " If you like, Sir, I will send you an image of Saint Christopher ; but what I should really recommend is a first-class chauffeur."

Another time when Father Vaughan was travelling third class, a blustering man with anti-clerical airs who was sitting opposite him, began to make offensive remarks about the clergy. None of the occupants of the carriage protested, and Father Vaughan himself never raised his eyes from the book which he was reading. A few stations further on, the blustering man got out ; but just as the train was about to re-start, Father Vaughan leant out of the window and called him back, telling him he had left something behind.

" What is it ? " cried the man, hurrying back to the carriage. " A very unpleasant impression," retorted Father Vaughan quietly, as the train steamed out of the station.

Before the land was purchased upon which Westminster Cathedral was built, a syndicate was in process of formation for the construction of a large hippodrome upon that very site. However, the land was secured by Cardinal Manning just in time, and the hippodrome scheme abandoned. During the war, a portion of the property adjoining the Cathedral was used for the erection of a hut for the benefit of soldiers on leave. This hut, and its canteen, were very well run by the Catholic Women's League, and the men often told me how much they



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appreciated all the arrangements made for their comfort. Apart from the usual bunks, which were let at a nominal price, there were about a dozen rooms in each of which were a couple of beds which could be used by men who were willing and able to pay the small sum of one shilling a night. Ladies served all the meals and washed up afterwards. What the men would have done without these canteens, and their voluntary workers I do not know. They must have seemed veritable havens of rest and comfort, after the misery of war, and the familiarity with death and suffering.

My daughter was one of those workers, as well as being a member of the committee, with Mrs. James Hope and others. At the outbreak of the war, she began to collect for the "comforts" of the Royal Scots in France, and soon afterwards undertook to help the suffering prisoners of war of this, her husband's regiment, by means of the food parcels and clothing that were vital to the maintenance of the men interned in Germany. It was wonderful with what response all such appeals were met during those terrible years.

During the whole war, Mrs. James Hope was President of the Catholic Women's League, and she specialized in founding rest huts, both at home and in France. Now Lady Sykes, another accomplished and energetic lady is president.

It was also a time of heaped-up agony for

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those at home, when every day produced its toll of death. Thinking of relatives, friends and acquaintances, one scarcely dared to open a paper or read the list of killed and missing. The time which stands out most prominently for gloom and sheer dismay, was that fateful June 1916, when the stupefied public learned that Lord Kitchener was drowned. This tragic occurrence entailed the loss of an old friend of mine, Hugh O'Beirne, a gifted Irishman in the diplomatic service. O'Beirne was held in high esteem at the Foreign Office, and had been sent on a special mission to Bulgaria, just a year before his death. On his way to Sofia from Petrograd (where he was Councillor of the Embassy), O'Beirne stopped at Bukarest, but he told me afterwards that he failed to get any promises of support from Roumania, though he was extremely well received by the Foreign Minister. When he first arrived at Sofia, he did not think things looked so bad, but after a few days, he speedily realized the difficulties of King Ferdinand, and that a crisis was imminent. A short time after, in spite of all his efforts, Bulgaria had joined in the war against us, and O'Beirne returned to England via Salonika. He remained at home for some months, when it was arranged for him to accompany Lord Kitchener to Russia.

Strange to say, two chances were offered him by which he might have escaped his fate. When he arrived at King's Cross Station at

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six p.m. to join Lord Kitchener's train en route for Scapa, he found that his servant had failed to bring his luggage. Reluctantly he drove back again to Ovington Square, where he had been living with his mother. Here he met his servant returning from Charing Cross, where he had erroneously taken the luggage. Once more O'Beirne started for King's Cross with his valet. He chartered a special train, and raced up to the North only to find, on his arrival at the port of embarkation, that the "Hampshire" had just steamed off. This second chance was also refused. A signal was sent and the Hampshire turned back to take O'Beirne on board, with the tragic result which is now a matter of history. O'Beirne's mother, who died shortly afterwards, was the daughter of a distinguished Irishman, Chief Justice Monahan; and her two sisters, Lady Trevelyan and Mrs. Martin, were also both gifted and accomplished ladies.

Of Lord Kitchener himself, there is little need to say anything beyond what has now become public property; though I happen to know that the Field Marshal took great pride in his almost unique collection of swords, and was a great authority on gardening. The following little story about him may perhaps amuse the reader. He was motoring with Colonel Sir T—— when the chauffeur was incapacitated by a fly in his eye. "Can you drive a motor?" asked Lord Kitchener of Colonel Sir T——

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"No" answered Sir T——. "Every officer should know how to drive a car," said Lord Kitchener. When the chauffeur recovered, they continued their drive, and later on Sir T——, who had been reflecting on the Field Marshal's rebuke, turned to his chief and asked him if he could drive. "No!" was the rejoinder.

A notable figure whom I used to meet at St. James' Club was Monsieur de Fleuriau, Councillor of the French Embassy in London. He held that office for the longest period on record. I have seldom met a man so cultivated, or so great an authority upon so many subjects. I soon began to realize the advantages of a diplomatic training; the ease with which these practised minds can break away from a topic which they do not wish to discuss, and advance another in its stead. But M. de Fleuriau was more than a diplomat; he was what was called in France *un homme de coeur*, and his sympathy was much appreciated by me when my two sons were killed. Consequently I felt deeply for him when his old mother, to whom he was greatly attached, died during the latter part of the war, and M. de Fleuriau was unable, owing to the exigencies of the moment, to go to France for the funeral. He has now been appointed French Minister in Peking, but it is more than likely that he will find his way back to London as Ambassador in the course of a few years, for his knowledge of England and her ways is so extensive, and

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of such long standing, that he is held in high esteem by the Foreign Office.

Another hard-working and popular diplomat in London at the time of the war was M. Boeresco of the Roumanian Legation. He was not the only member of his family to enter the diplomatic service, as his father was the first Foreign Minister in Bukarest when Roumania became a kingdom in 1888. When the King of Roumania signed the Constitution, he handed the gold pen which he had used for that purpose to his Foreign Minister, who passed it down as an interesting memento to his son, who in his turn presented it to the National Museum in Bukarest.

If there is one thing which is thoroughly understood in England it is a really comfortable club. Indeed, nothing approaching these home-like institutions, where everything is done for you in the quietest and best manner, exists anywhere else. Nobody interferes with you; the youngest, and least important member goes to his club on equal terms with the eldest and the most distinguished. The hall porter is always anxious to do anything he can for you. And when I add that the attendance is generally good and the cooking all that can be desired, I feel there is nothing left to wish for. We go for comfort, and we get it. The Frenchman, on the other hand, frequents his club more to gamble and to eat. His club is, in point of fact, a first-class restaurant. The Union,

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Jockey Club, and the Union Inter Alliés of Paris are luxurious places; the Cacia in Rome is very cheerful; and many excellent clubs are to be found in the various continental cities; but they have an entirely different atmosphere from the St. James's, the Travellers', Brook's, or Boodles', and other similar institutions in London. Outside England and Ireland, America is the only place where you find club life as we understand and appreciate it. And I well remember an American minister complaining to me that at a certain club in a continental city which was otherwise pleasant, every member rose to his feet when he entered, a proceeding which became exceedingly embarrassing.

Other things one does not find anywhere outside the British Isles are the pleasant country houses, shooting parties and dances. Country balls, moreover, are really very much nicer than those crowded functions which take place in London. Of course, just now, owing to the political situation, country balls are in abeyance in Ireland. Indeed, the fact that recently no one was allowed to motor between the hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. was in itself a sufficient impediment to any social entertainments.

But times are changing very rapidly in every sphere and aspect of life. Advertisement is the order of the day—of more importance than eloquence or brains. The oratory of Disraeli or

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of Gladstone is a thing of the past; but what a treat it used to be to go to the House in the days when one or other of these two giants was about to speak! Perhaps one of the best speeches I ever heard was delivered by Sexton, then member for Sligo. I cannot recall details, but he was dealing with some Irish grievance, and the effect of his eloquence, combined with his manner and flashing eyes, was quite marvellous. Tim Healy was also a notable speaker, both aggressive and witty, and in more recent years I have derived much pleasure from hearing John Redmond.

But, as I said before, it is wonderful what a power advertisement has become. Nobody can afford to disregard its potent force. Indeed, I remember being struck years ago by the result of a premeditated advertisement. A young man I knew received a wire one day from a Government official to ask if he would accept an important position. Needless to say, the young man wired back "Delighted"; but later on it proved that the telegram was a practical joke played on him by some brother officers. But the result of this little joke was that it brought my acquaintance's name to the notice of the Government, and eventually procured him a good post.

Another instance of how *accidental* advertisement may be of great assistance to a career was told to me by Jerningham—the "Marmaduke" of *Truth*—who recently died, and was

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a very old friend of mine. Jerningham was possessed of a very cynical humour, and prefaced this little story with the remark, "How useful is the Press." With an ever-watchful ear in search of "copy," it was his habit to greet his friends with the observation, "What news?" instead of the usual "Good morning." One day he met a friend who was anxious to be appointed to a small post as Governor of some island. "What news," asked Jerningham as usual. "Important news," answered the other mysteriously, "though I oughtn't to tell you yet; fact is I have just heard that I am going to be offered the Governorship of South Africa, but of course this in strict confidence." "Really," replied Jerningham deeply impressed; and he rushed away with the precious information to his paper. In *The Times* next day it was announced that Sir Hercules Robinson had been offered and had accepted this important post. Later in the week, Jerningham again met his friend, who began mildly to expostulate "It is all your fault. What I told you was confidential. But never mind," he added cheerfully, "it has brought my name before the public, and I think they'll have to give me something good now." And they did.

Jerningham never suffered from having too much money himself, but he was the possessor of a wealthy brother who one day said to him. "My dear fellow, there is nothing I would not

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do for you.”—“ And *nothing* he has ever done for me,” was Jerningham’s biting commentary.

Apropos of Sir Hercules Robinson, I may say that I think he had the longest memory of any man that I have known. He held the Governorship of South Africa at the time of the Jameson raid, and was afterwards created Lord Rosmead. He had been a friend of my grandfather’s fifty years previously, and gave me the most detailed accounts of him, as he knew him in the forties. I deeply regretted I was unable to accept an invitation to stay with him at Cape Town. Had I done so, I should have been there during the notorious Raid.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to close my memories of London with an anecdote of the surprising nature of the impressions which a foreign visitor may sometimes receive. I remember the conversation I had with the Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, who was over here to represent the Shah at King Edward’s Coronation. To my surprise and disappointment, this distinguished Eastern minister seemed totally unmoved by all he had seen, but eventually a smile broke over his face, a radiant smile. “But I have seen something wonderful here, beautiful, marvellous. I went to the Gaiety Theatre last night. I am going again to-night !”

CHAPTER IV

AMERICA

New York—A Busy First Arrival—The World's Fair at Chicago—Exhibits—Cigarette Smoking—A "Whale Back"—Strikes—The Fire at the Cold Storage—A Meteorological Sight—Bimetallism—Natural Gas—Railways—Busy Americans—Home to England.

IN the year 1898 I set out for America on board the s.s. *Trave*, one of the oldest vessels belonging to the German Lloyd line. I had a good crossing, and was struck, like most people, by the colossal statue of Liberty in bronze, which was presented by the French to the people of the United States in 1886, and can be seen from a great distance. The bustle and extraordinary noise made by the steamers crowding the mouth of the Hudson also impressed me.

The Hudson flows from the north through New York State. High up on its palisaded heights stand many fine country houses; particularly noticeable to the stranger is West Point, America's great military school. It will be remembered that Robert Fulton, more than a hundred years ago, floated his first boat propelled by steam on the Hudson. As a boy,

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Fulton was thrashed daily for playing truant from school, when he was always found at the creek, engaged in sailing bits of boats instead of doing his lessons. A handsome memorial building and monument in his honour has been erected by the American people on the Hudson River just above New York City.

The object of my visit to the United States was chiefly to see the World's Fair at Chicago ; but I halted for a time in New York, and certainly did not allow the grass to grow under my feet. For on the first evening I dined with an acquaintance in Madison Square, who afterwards took me to a play, then to the opera, and finally to a roof-theatre. The latter provided a music-hall performance, held in the open, on the roof of a large building, where an elaborate covered-in stage existed. This arrangement not only affords the evening audience plenty of fresh air, which is essential to its well-being during the terribly hot summer evenings in New York, but gives daylight visitors a splendid view of the far-famed sky line, pierced by lofty "sky-scrapers," which rise from twenty to forty stories above their foundations. Foremost amongst these monster buildings can be seen the great Woolworth Building, the Equitable Life Insurance Company, the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and the *Sun* and *World* newspaper premises.

Shortly after midnight I separated from this particular party, which included several

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pleasant American women and one young Englishman. The latter told me in confidence that two heiresses were willing to marry him, but he was postponing a proposal to either for the present, in hopes that his uncle would settle his debts, and thus spare him the necessity of such a fateful step. I adjourned to the delightful little Lamb's Club, where I was asked to supper by Barrymore, father of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has since become so celebrated on the stage. We sat down, four men, and remained there till 7.30 a.m. Never before or since have I heard such a brilliant flow of conversation. It was the only time I met Barrymore, but we talked for seven hours, and the time literally flew. That first evening seems to me a good example of not wasting time.

After a few days I pushed on to Philadelphia, and then West to Chicago, where the World's Fair, a gigantic exhibition, was in progress on the shores of Lake Michigan. A huge artificial lake had been made in the grounds, upon which glided sixty gondolas, hired from Venice for the occasion. It was, indeed, pleasant and refreshing to be rowed about by the picturesque gondoliers, who had accompanied their craft, during the intense heat which prevailed, even at nights. Though the exposition buildings themselves were constructed merely for temporary use, they were in a classic architectural style, with fine landscape effects, and the exhibits,

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from every country in the world, well repaid a visit. It is to be regretted that the British section was so insignificant. The French sent some artistic furniture; but as a matter of fact the only European nation properly represented was Germany, who, with her usual eye to business, occupied a large area with excellent exhibits. I was myself awarded a gold medal for some invention connected with the filtration of water, which happened to be my prevailing hobby just then. But owing to the intense heat we were enduring I never had the energy to discover upon which stand it was being shown.

Vast numbers of Americans from every corner of the States, but few Europeans, seemed to have congregated at the World's Fair. The Infanta Eulalie was the only member of any Royal family who visited the exhibition, and she managed to shock the inhabitants pretty successfully by smoking cigarettes whilst in a gondola. Ladies in the Western States, in those days at all events, appeared to think it a dreadful thing to be seen smoking in public. The difference of opinion on this matter between the Western and Eastern States was most marked. I once offered a cigarette to a girl in Columbus, Ohio, who was by no means a prude. Much to my consternation, she not only refused it, but burst into tears; and it required all my tact to explain to her that I had not intended any insult!

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One way of visiting the exhibition grounds from Chicago was by travelling on what was called a "Whale Back." This was a huge boat, holding about five thousand persons, and fitted with three decks—each of which had its own band.

I suppose I must have witnessed one of the biggest fires ever known in Chicago, certainly the largest I had ever seen, at that exhibition. It originated in the cold storage section, and about forty people were burnt to death. I happened to be lunching at the Windermere Hotel in 70th Street, opposite one of the gates to the fair, when the fire was at its worst. Round the whole circle of the exhibition grounds ran an elevated railway, upon which, at the suggestion of a waiter, I mounted. From there I could see the fire raging furiously, a truly awful panorama of flames blazing to the skies, against which were silhouetted the dark figures of wretched men who fell like ninepins into the seething furnace below. The arrangements for getting the fire under control were quite inadequate, and by the time the horse-drawn fire-engines were at work, the entire section had been destroyed. I confess I thought the attempt to extinguish the fire was badly handled; but the strikes which took place at that time (those of the Pullman works in the suburbs of the city, and of the waiters on the national holiday, July 4th, at all the restaurants, which led to dinner at the Richelieu being delayed till 11

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p.m.) were managed in drastic fashion. In the former case, however, the methods used were absolutely different from those which would be employed in London or Paris. It was during these years that the labour problem of this young republic had reached the acute stage in which some of the older countries find themselves to-day. At the present time America seems to have struggled safely through the most perilous of these years ; and a feeling of mutual understanding and confidence is arising between the labour unions and the capitalist party which takes into consideration the interests of the general public, differences now being settled with few exceptions by arbitration.

While on the subject of experiences I must not omit the wonderful meteorological display I saw one day at Milwaukee. I was sitting quietly at luncheon in an hotel overlooking Lake Michigan, which lay below me, supremely calm and smooth under a brilliant sun and clear blue sky ; when suddenly, as by a miracle, the whole atmosphere was changed. The heavens clouded over, the quiet waters broke into turbulent waves, darkness set in, accompanied by a terrific storm of rain and hail, which broke all the windows of the houses adjacent to the lake. The little boats close in, which had seemed so secure but a few moments earlier, were dashed against the shore and wrecked as though they had been made of matchwood. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, the whole

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drama having been enacted whilst we were still at the luncheon table, in less than half an hour ! Next morning the big headlines on the placards, commenting upon this occurrence, showed how extraordinary it was considered, even in a country where unusually extraordinary things so frequently occur.

On the last day I spent in Chicago I was invited to a ladies' luncheon party, given by an actress, Miss O'Neil Potter. It was held in the Palmer House, at that time one of the biggest hotels in the States. Unfortunately, all the guests were of the vulgar class which rejoices in ostentation, and covers itself with diamonds. I cannot say I enjoyed that party, but Miss Potter herself was extremely kind, for, upon my telling her that I was leaving that day and how rude I had always found officials on the railway, she promptly offered to see me off—with the result that I was properly looked after. Officials in America pay far more attention to women than they do to men.

From Chicago I went to Columbus to see Mr. William McKinley, who was then Governor of the State of Ohio, and afterwards President of the Republic. Many can still recall the horror with which Europe received the news of Mr. McKinley's assassination during the second term of his Presidency, when, despite the heroic efforts made by skilled surgeons to save his life, he died after lingering for many weeks. Then it was that Vice-President Theodore

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Roosevelt, statesman, traveller, and writer, stepped on to the national political stage, and was later elected by the people of the United States as their chief magistrate.

President McKinley had a remarkable personality. He was deeply interested in Tariff Reform at the time I met him, and it was valuable to me to hear his views on this important matter. Another subject uppermost in men's minds just then was the silver question. But I cannot pretend that I ever properly grasped the subject of bimetallism, so that when a prominent journalist once tackled me upon it I was at my wits' end what to do. But I had a happy thought, and referred him to two young Guardsmen who were staying in the same hotel, telling him that they were better informed than I. I am not sure that they were; but, at any rate, I thus managed to get rid of my tormentor, for he simply stuck to these unfortunate young fellows.

At Columbus "natural" gas had been discovered in great quantities, and I was interested to find that it was used in all the fireplaces for heating purposes. It was conveyed some hundreds of miles in pipes from the Pennsylvanian Hills, but was not suitable for lighting purposes.

The great railway companies, such as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, are remarkable organizations, and run through rich agricultural sections of land, while the industrial districts along their rights of way teem with

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the energetic labours of steel manufacture and coal-mining. But the rolling stock of some of the other companies was not good, and some of the lines were in much need of re-laying.

On the Atlantic coast I found Newport and Bar Harbour both delightful resorts, particularly the latter. Atlantic City, near Philadelphia, was of a different character, much more crowded and less attractive.

Americans are a frightfully busy race of men. Time in the States is never frittered away as it is in County Galway, for in this giant Western country many tasks have to be performed. Millions of emigrants from the old countries flow steadily each year towards America, and all must be fed, housed, employed, and educated—a stupendous undertaking indeed.

This, and many equally important problems constantly arising in a new country, press upon the nation for immediate attention, and result in a business hustle quite unknown to us. More than once I felt the effect of this “hustle.” One of the vice-presidents of the Pennsylvania Railway at Philadelphia had kindly asked Mr. Wood, the traffic manager, to look after me. He called politely enough, but curtly informed me, in the course of his hurried visit, that he had no time to spare in talking. Whereupon I begged him to be off, and not to waste any of this valuable commodity on me. This seemed to mollify him, and he gave several orders to various people for my comfort whilst travelling

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upon his line, and lent me a railway car for the duration of my stay in America, which could be put on to any train and take me for my journeys. The only thing he apparently couldn't give me was time. He returned to see me some few days later. He began as before, by shaking hands, and remarking that he had no leisure ; but added that the following Christmas he would have a whole spare week, in which he proposed coming over to London to see me, which promise he duly carried out. Once on a holiday, and away from all his cares, Mr. Wood proved to be a most genial, pleasant, and extraordinary intelligent companion.

Another time, a business man in Wall Street, on whom I called with a letter of introduction one blazing hot morning, received me with the encouraging remark that he was very busy. However, after a few minutes, he softened somewhat, and asked me to lunch with him at a big club near his office. He, too, turned out to be an extremely agreeable person. The morning after I had made his acquaintance I was greatly flattered by receiving a letter from him, in which he said that he had been much struck by the business capacities revealed by me in the course of our conversation at lunch. He then made me a most advantageous business offer, if I would agree to remain in New York !

Luck has usually attended my journeys, and it has been my good fortune to meet many different agreeable types of humanity in all

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parts of the globe. Variety is the spice of life. My six weeks in the States were an education, and had it not been for the oppressive heat I should have profited even more by the visit.

I returned to England on the s.s. *New York*, which arrived twelve hours behind time on account of a ten-hour strike by the stokers, who found it too hot in the stokehole, and refused to do their work. However, I reached London just after 7 p.m., and had sufficiently profited by my American experiences to be in time to attend a "first night" at the Criterion.

CHAPTER V

HOMBURG

Royalties at Homburg—Shooting Lodge of the Duke of Nassau—
A Homburg Dinner—Amusing Episodes—Nauheim—The
Mayor of Homburg—Prussian Officers.

BEFORE the war Homburg was one of the most agreeable places in which to spend the second half of July and the first half of August. Prettily situated at the foot of the Taunus Mountains, amongst beautiful woods, with comfortable hotels and an excellent orchestra, which played three times a day for an hour each time, it possessed also health-reviving springs of medicinal properties. Numbers of people used to migrate to Homburg after the London season to stay there for about three weeks, the time usually allotted to effect a "cure." Others came merely for the attractions and amusements the town offered—golf, croquet, tennis—and left the waters severely alone. The tennis week, in particular, which was held in August, was always largely attended, for it brought many of the best German players to the courts.

Years ago, when Prince of Wales, the late

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King Edward paid repeated visits to these springs, and in consequence Homburg was all the vogue. After he became king, however, he appeared to prefer Marienbad (formerly in Austria, now since the treaty of St. Germain, in Czecho-Slovakia), or any place preferably *not* on German territory.

But there were many royalties beside the Prince who visited Homburg every year. The old castle in the town was a favourite resort of the ex-Kaiser and his family during the summer months. Their private train, painted blue and white, was a familiar object in the railway station; but, owing to the restless disposition of his Imperial Majesty, the train was as often as not bearing him away from the neighbourhood. He usually started quite early in the morning before many people were about. The Empress seemed to lead a very simple life during her stay, and could frequently be seen driving her sons, who were then little boys—in her victoria to the shooting gallery, or buying odds and ends at some shop in the main street.

The Duke of Cambridge also was a regular visitor about that time. One year Thaddeus painted an excellent portrait of the Duke in his studio near the beautiful Russian chapel, which was built originally, I believe, for the benefit of the Grand Dukes who sometimes came to Homburg.

Thaddeus, being a Cork man, was a great politician, and very amusing. He was also a

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great gambler. This vice, however, he had but little opportunity of indulging during the "cure," for everybody retired early to bed in order to be up betimes in the morning, at 7.30 or thereabouts, to go down to the springs. Indeed, the band struck up the hymn with which they always began the day at 7 a.m. Thaddeus painted a number of portraits of well-known people, but the two I liked best were of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. George Augustus Sala.

Before Homburg was incorporated with Prussia (1867) it was reigned over by a Duke, the State of Hesse Homburg consisting of the town and—roughly speaking—about ten miles of land in each direction. Formerly the reigning Princes of this duchy came from the family of the Duke of Nassau, whose shooting lodge, near Wiesbaden, is not very far from Homburg. This lodge was rather curious, for the chairs, the sofas, the frames for the looking-glasses, and all the furniture were made out of stags' antlers, the seats being covered with skins of wild boar, stag, or foxes. The effect was strange. For generations animals which had been killed at shoots had been put aside for furnishing this lodge, and very fine antlers, inscribed with the dates upon which they had been obtained, covered the wall of the hall and staircase.

There used to be some rather quaint customs in Homburg, many of which died out long before the war. Such, for example, was the Homburg

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dinner, a rather tiresome affair on the whole. Somebody or other would organize a dinner and invite a number of people to it, seating them all in the usual way; but dinner over, separate bills for his share of the meal, and his wine, was handed round to each guest. By this arrangement, the host got off very cheaply, as each of his victims had not only to pay for a menu he had never had the satisfaction of ordering, but did not even enjoy the advantage of choosing his next door neighbour. Mark Twain says somewhere that he thoroughly appreciated this system, and, in this way, seldom entertained less than forty guests; but I confess that I was very glad when the custom gradually died out.

The Homburg shops catered largely for the visitors who had made their fortunes, and their owners were on the whole fairly conversant with the English language. But at least one shop overshot the mark, when it wrote up in large gold letters the legend "Seldom Tapestries" indicating that within some rare carpets were on sale.

As usually happens where so many varieties of people congregate, amusing episodes took place from time to time. I remember that one year an extremely rich American woman and her daughter were staying in a fashionable hotel, where a well-known French music-hall star afterwards arrived and attracted a number of men to the place. The American informed

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the manager of the hotel that unless the music-hall artiste were given her *cong  *, she and her daughter would have to leave. As they occupied a large suite of rooms, this would have meant a severe loss to the manager, so he reluctantly told the French girl that her rooms would be wanted the next day, and thus got rid of her. Unfortunately for the American, the French star discovered not only the reason for her dismissal, but also the author of the trouble. She returned to Paris, and in the course of a few days some thousands of copies of a scurrilous French paper arrived in Homburg, in which were related at length the whole life and rather dubious past of the "puritan" lady. She bought up as many copies of the objectionable paper as possible, but of course, the story leaked out.

I recollect another American girl staying at this same hotel, who was very charming and much admired, particularly on account of her beautiful hair. But apparently she had to visit a hair restorer once a month, and in Homburg her tresses were turned out a vivid green. She was obliged to retire for a while from public life; her visit was spoilt, and she hurried off to Paris to see the artist who really understood his business and could restore her hair again to its usual colour.

Trivial incidents, no doubt, but incidents that serve to make life more amusing, and I only mention them by the way. Colonel

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Cuthbert Larkin and Sir Reginald Barnwell were very well-known habitués, whilst Lord Howth came regularly to drink the waters—in the hope of diminishing his gout—right up to the time of his death. Once I persuaded the late Sir Henry Burke to accompany me, but the gaiety of the place soon bored him, and he abandoned me after three days. His sister, Mrs. Daly, and her husband came nearly every year. But, as a matter of fact, there were other things beside this despised gaiety to enjoy at Homburg. The woods around the little town afforded delightful walks and drives, there were many buildings of historical interest to see—the palace of the former Landgraves, the White Tower, etc., etc. Frankfort, with its palm gardens and its opera house, was within a short distance; also Wiesbaden and Nauheim. The last-named spot was far from gay; indeed, I always found it rather dull, probably because those who went to Nauheim to undergo the cure were more seriously ill than those who patronized Homburg, and consequently unable to enjoy themselves to any great extent. Anyway, the visitors whom one saw at Nauheim were a great contrast to the well-dressed people who frequented Homburg; and there were none of those cheerful luncheon and dinner parties in the open at the former place, which were such a feature of the latter.

But it is undoubtedly true that the popularity of Homburg had begun to wane of late

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years; one saw far fewer smart people, and Americans became conspicuous by their absence. The year before the war there were a fair number of Members of both Houses—Sir Edward Carson for one—also Lord Knaresbrough and Major Pretyman Newman. The wife of the latter gave many dinner parties. But Londoners had largely ceased to go there, for Marienbad, Carlsbad, and Aix-les-bains were formidable rivals to the little town of Homburg.

And now those pleasant days have gone, I suppose, never to return. Those who, like myself, have had their sons shot down by German bullets would never care to visit Germany, unless obliged to pass through it, non-stop, *en route* for Poland, or it may be Russia, at some future day. Lord Joicey, who stayed on in Homburg for a couple of days after the declaration of war, stated that when he said good-bye to the Mayor he expressed a hope that when the war was over the Mayor would, as usual, come and pay him a visit in London. But the Mayor replied gravely: "Never. This war will prevent us having friendly relations during my life, or ever visiting each other's countries."

Both the Mayor, who held his appointment from the Emperor, and his wife I had found agreeable and intelligent people, who took much interest in the welfare and the prosperity of their little town.

But I have never had many German friends.

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I thought the ladies touchy, and apt to take offence where none had been intended; and as for the men, well, I confess I did not fancy them, save for some rare exceptions. I used to go at odd times to the barracks of the 80th Fusiliers, a very fine corps, which was quartered in Homburg for several years. The Colonel had no objection to my seeing all I wanted to see, and was very pleasant; but the younger officers I considered objectionable in many ways, and was not on very good terms with any of them. Their treatment of the men was most unpleasant, and their conceit sometimes overweening. But they had a splendid band, and I became quite friendly with the bandmaster, who was an exceptionally good conductor.

The last time I saw the Kaiser at Homburg was in that year, 1918, and I was then greatly surprised at the coolness of his reception; but upon inquiry I was informed that his severe treatment of the Crown Prince had prejudiced many against him. Certainly there was a large party in Germany that resented his continual interference, even though at that time he was still considered to be a great sovereign. Perhaps some day his grandson may ascend the throne, but neither the Kaiser nor his sons have any prospects of doing so, so far as one can judge by the attitude of their former subjects towards them.

CHAPTER VI

TURKEY

Turkey, 1896—From Sarambey to Constantinople—The Fast of Ramazan—Tips—To Constantinople by Sea—Strict Censorship of Turkish Ladies—State Collection of Jewels—Unpractical Turks—A Kurdish General and his Venerable Beard—Society in Constantinople—Abdul Hamid's love for Animals—Konia—The Dancing Dervishes—Railway from Acre-Haifa to Damascus—Damascus—From Constantinople to Jaffa—A Greek Boycott—Smyrna and the Brigand—A Peasant's Wedding Party in Serbia.

My first visit to Turkey under the old régime, in 1896, was one of unusual interest. After passing through Bulgaria, our train stopped at Sarambey, a little spot in Eastern Roumelia, which had been taken over by the Bulgarians in 1885.¹ Here we made a long halt, and a sleeping car was attached. To my surprise, when the time came for us to continue our journey, hardly any of the passengers evinced the least intention of re-entering the train. At first I couldn't imagine why, but eventually it transpired that a telegram had just arrived from Constantinople announcing that a massacre

¹ The Bulgarians were not conceded the railway itself, but they seized it in 1908.

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of the Armenians was in progress. As I make a habit of always faithfully keeping my engagements, and had already made an appointment to dine with Kali Rifaat Pacha, the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, I never for one instant contemplated relinquishing my purpose. It was, however, very annoying to be the only passenger in the sleeper, and the conductor in charge was the most villainous-looking Levantine it had ever been my misfortune to see. However, there was nothing for it but to lock myself in my compartment, and hope for the best.

The route from Sarambey to Constantinople is very tedious, passing through a wretchedly bare country, with no trees and no towns of interest, until it reaches Adrianople, once the seat of the Ottoman Government before the Turks captured Constantinople in 1453. Miserable little villages and miles of badly tilled land do not make a cheerful outlook from a railway carriage. The line twists and turns in all directions, apparently with no other aim than to cover as much ground as possible before it reaches the terminus. This is probably actually the case, for it was originally built at so much a mile by Baron Hirsch in 1870, and he had obtained a kilometric guarantee for its completion from the Turkish Government. But even by this somewhat dilatory process we managed to reach Stamboul at last. The scene which met my eyes at this picturesque station was very novel. A crowd of loafers

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hung about, fighting to be allowed to carry my hand luggage; the examination of my passport took endless time, even the custom-house officials pestered me for baksheesh. At last I managed to satisfy them all, and entered my carriage, hoping for a little peace; but in vain, for the jolting of the vehicle over the ill-paved, dirty streets nearly shook me to pieces. But this was nothing to the bumping I experienced later whilst crossing the old Galata Bridge.

I found the Pera Palace Hotel fairly empty, the various rumours of the Armenian massacres having discouraged tourists for some time past from paying a visit to Turkey.

True to my word, I kept my appointment with the Grand Vizier that night. He proved to be a man of very limited attainments, who could speak no language except his own. His son, who was something of a linguist, was therefore placed next to me at dinner, though it is not the custom for a Mussulman of high standing to allow his son at the same table as himself. Two Englishmen, a couple of grave and silent young priests, and two elderly Turks, who ate very fast and, I may add, very unpleasantly, made up the party.

It was Ramazan time, that period of forty days when no good Mussulman may eat until the sun sets. About 5.30 p.m. the big gun from the Galata tower boomed forth the welcome tidings that people might now break

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their fast, and, as these gentlemen had eaten nothing since sunrise, I suppose they might be excused for the voracious manner in which they literally fell upon, and demolished, the endless courses that followed in rapid succession. The merits of each succeeding dish were carefully detailed to me by my neighbour, but the Grand Vizier did not speak at all. As everything looked and tasted different from anything I had ever seen or eaten before, or ever wanted to eat again, the proffered information was rather lost upon me. It was doubtless all very rich to those who liked it, but it was certainly not calculated to tempt a European. Also, as alcohol is one of the forbidden things in the Mussulman religion, no wine was served, and we had nothing but water or sherbet to drink.

Ramazan time is the season when a Mussulman appears to keep open house, and asks people to the only meal of the day, so it was perhaps fortunate for me that I had chosen that particular time for my visit.

When we retired to the drawing-room I found all the chairs placed stiffly round the room, their backs against the wall, at equal distances from each other, with a table in the centre of the apartment. There was therefore no chance of any private conversation, and everything was very stilted and formal.

Before I took my leave I was accosted by my host's secretary—an Armenian—who solicited me for the sum of two pounds, with which to

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tip the attendants. It was certainly quite sufficient to pay for the honour of a dinner, at which I had scarcely been able to touch a morsel; but I noticed that the secretary took care to slip one pound into his own pocket before giving the other to be divided among the servants.

The Grand Vizier's son met with a tragic end. He was shot dead on the Galata Bridge very shortly afterwards by a Circassian officer, who resented the young man's attentions to his wife.

The two youthful priests I had met at the dinner-party were descendants of the Prophet, and wore turbans of a particular hue denoting the fact. They were preternaturally solemn that evening, but were nice-looking young men, and I invited them to see me the next day. Once away from the society of the Grand Vizier, they were as jolly as schoolboys. It was very cold weather, and it struck me that they would be none the worse for a little whisky. To salve their consciences, I had to assure them it was merely an Irish medicine that was considered very beneficial to the health. I must confess they both took very kindly to the dose.

The best approach to Constantinople is by sea. From Costanza, the fine modern Roumanian port on the Black Sea, the steamers were exceedingly good, and landed you in the Turkish capital in twelve hours, provided, of course, that no gale arose, for the Black Sea

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is noted for sudden squalls and "dirty" weather. Entering the Bosphorus, pretty places like Yeniqué, Therapia (where the embassies have their summer residences), and other quaint straggling little towns were passed; including the entrance to the "Sweet Waters of Asia," where every Friday the Turkish ladies, slightly veiled, were rowed about in little boats to show themselves.

With regard to the ladies of Turkey, the strictest censorship—if I may so express it—prevailed. It was impossible to ask of anyone the name of a woman, or show the slightest curiosity concerning her. Had one done so, one would probably have been kidnapped. The greatest secrecy, diplomacy, and patience had to be observed by him who would pursue an acquaintance with one of the fair sex, and a good deal of danger to himself would be entailed.

Once, on a visit to Kali Rifaat's son, I was told that from the windows of his house, which overlooked a heap of ruins, we could see all that remained of an old castle, once belonging to a beautiful, but not over moral, lady. She had had many attachments, but the unfortunate men she attracted to her mysterious castle seldom came out again. One day she took a fancy to a certain young man, who in due course arrived to stay with her. As luck would have it, one of her attendants also fell in love with him, and, being determined to save the youth from his certain fate, contrived to warn him

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of his danger. The attendant had noticed that he wore a ring set with some very precious stones, so she suggested that he should present this ring to his hostess, telling her at the same time that he had a marvellous collection of similar stones which he intended to give her when he could go home to fetch them. The siren was delighted at the prospect, and she allowed the young man to leave her upon this quest. Once out of reach, he informed the authorities of his suspicions, the castle was searched, and several bodies of the lady's victims found. The beautiful enchantress was executed by order of the Sultan, and the castle razed to the ground. This little history had the correct ending, for the young man returned to marry the attendant, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Permission from the Palace was necessary for strangers to see the State collection of jewels at Stamboul. Twelve attendants in black stood round in respectful attitudes, to guard the treasures. Many of the articles there were really of no value, but everything—good, bad, and indifferent—was hopelessly mixed up together. The largest emerald in the world, about the size of a billiard ball, was suspended from the ceiling on a wire; and close to a number of shoddy clocks and other trifles I saw several figures of former sultans dressed up with precious stones, particularly emeralds of a very fine quality.

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Turks are in most ways absolutely impractical. I was present in Constantinople once when a fire broke out. After endless delay, the fire brigade arrived on the scene. One would have thought there was now some chance of it being got under. But no. The firemen began to bargain with the occupier, and the process of bargaining took so long that by the time terms were arranged everything had been consumed.

This was quite a usual occurrence, and the ravages of flames were constantly seen, more especially in the Stamboul quarter, which was practically built of wood.

Once at the house of Tassim Pacha (First Secretary to the Sultan Abdul Hamid) I met a General of kind and venerable appearance, who was also the possessor of the longest and best-kept beard that I had ever seen. He was Commandant at Scutari, which is situated just across the Bosphorus, and graciously informed me that it was a matter of the greatest satisfaction to him to think that the cemetery, where so many British officers had been buried during the Crimean War, was in his zone. This speech was meant to show unusual civility; so, in order not to be outdone, I promptly begged the General for his photograph, adding, what was quite true, that I had never asked a *man* for his photograph in my life before, but then I had never before seen anyone with such a marvellous beard. Thereupon he asked

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me to stay with him for a week. This I promised to do when I next visited Turkey.

A month later, on my return to Constantinople, I found my venerable acquaintance had come to utter grief. It seems his family had a vendetta against the Prefect of the city, and had hired two men to assassinate that gentleman. About forty Kurds, who were implicated in the murder, had been placed under arrest, and deported to Tripoli. When the trial took place my patriarchal friend was condemned to death, the evidence being conclusive as to his share in the deed. Upon which this gentle-looking old man with the venerable beard, sprang upon the judge, and, fastening his teeth in the poor man's throat, bit him savagely. Eventually the sentence of death on the old General was not carried out.

There was very little society in Constantinople, and what there was consisted chiefly of the Corps Diplomatique; consequently it was rather a drawback when, as was often the case, ambassadors were unmarried and did not entertain. Baron von Byland, the Dutch Minister at that time, was an exception to the rule, for, though a bachelor, he gave delightful dinner-parties, was a charming host, and a very accomplished man. The Italian Ambassador was the Marquis Imperiali, who was subsequently promoted to London, a post he held all through the war, and only recently vacated.

In 1898, Sir Nicholas O'Connor was the British

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Ambassador in Turkey, a position which he held for many years—in fact, until he died. The Embassy is a palatial residence, with a fairly extensive garden, large enough for the ambassador's three little daughters to ride their ponies in. Many a delightful tea-party did I enjoy with these charming children in their schoolroom, overlooking the terrace, from which an entrancing view of the Golden Horn could be obtained.

After the trouble over the Akaba question was settled, about fifteen years ago, at the time when England and Turkey nearly went to war with each other, Sir Nicholas O'Connor told me that he had to visit the Sultan. He was a little uncertain about the nature of his reception. The Sultan was quite pleasant, but the sole question that his Majesty chose to discuss with him was his daughter's recent illness, thus precluding any conversation upon political matters. Things had previously become very strained, and when the ultimatum was handed to the Turkish Government the Ambassador had made all the necessary arrangements for his departure. But as is always the case in Constantinople, plain speaking had the desired result, and the Turks gave in quietly and quickly when they found the period for conversation was at an end.

Abdul Hamid at all events had one good quality. He was fond of animals, and kept a regular menagerie. I once presented him with

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a Mount St. Bernard, which had been a prize winner at Islington. This animal suffered greatly from the heat; and the Sultan had a tunnel built for him, so that he could feel a draught, and at the same time be protected from the sun. He received great attention during his two years' residence at the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace. When Abdul Hamid went into banishment at Salonika he was allowed to select some of his wives and dogs to share his exile; among the latter he chose the Mount St. Bernard.

At another time I remember that a fox terrier was sent as a gift to Abdul Hamid. The Sultan was standing in a long hall, with his attendants on either side of him, when the little terrier ran straight towards the monarch. "See," said the Sultan, "how intelligent. The dog already knows his master."

On a subsequent trip to Turkey, Sir Percy Lorraine (now Minister in Persia), Mrs. Macleay (whose husband is now Minister in Buenos Ayres), my daughter, and I paid a visit to Konia in Asia Minor. Konia is about twenty-four hours' train journey from Constantinople, but it was necessary to spend the night midway at Eskişehir, as trains only run by day, the country being none too safe for travelling on account of the brigands. In the tenth century, before the Turks moved west and made Brusa their chief town, Konia was the capital of the Siljuks. It is a curious city of ruined buildings,

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and the headquarters of the Dancing Dervishes. These are Mussulmen, but of a nonconformist sect; for though they vaguely recognize the Sultan as their religious chief, their real head is the Grand Chelibi, who always resides at Konia, and is eventually buried there. It is the privilege of the Grand Chelibi to gird on the sword of the new Sultan at the coronation ceremony. The present Chelibi is a lineal descendant of the founder of this sect, and has had about fourteen predecessors.

The Dervishes at Konia for the most part appeared to be shoemakers by trade, and all of them wore the distinctive headdress—a high, conical felt hat. On the first Friday in each month solemn whirling took place in a side chapel of the great mosque, near the silver tombs of the Chelibis. This ceremony was always attended by the Grand Chelibi and the Turkish officials. There were in all about five hundred Dervishes at Konia, and thirty dancers. These latter whirled rapidly round and round for half an hour at a time, with an interval of rest for a quarter of an hour in between, and an elderly Dervish wandered in and out amongst the dancers, looking into their eyes, to ascertain if any of them were showing signs of fatigue. Should any dancer be in this condition, he slowly walked in front of him, conducting him unostentatiously to the door. It was a curious and a most interesting ceremony.

At that time I was deeply interested in a

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scheme for a railway from Acre-Haifa to Damascus, which had been under consideration for some years. The Syrian venture started at the foot of Mount Carmel at Haifa, and was taken close to Nazareth, thence across the Jordan to Damascus. Sir Douglas Fox was the chief engineer, and amongst those who worked hard for its completion were General Sir Thomas Gordon, Lord Monkswell, Mr. J. R. Pilling, Colonel Surtees, and Colonel Conway Gordon, all six now dead.

Colonel Conway Gordon, a distinguished sapper, who had retired from the service, had charge of the construction of the railway to the Afghan frontier, built at the rate of roughly a mile a day, during the war with that country. He told me once that he was very devoted to a certain lady, to whom for the last thirty years he had written every single day. I asked him if he were always going to continue this correspondence, to which he replied: "As long as I live." Three weeks after this conversation he was drowned in Portsmouth waters, his small motor-boat having been cut in two by a steamer during a heavy fog. I was greatly distressed, for his friendship was much appreciated by all who had the good fortune to enjoy it.

In December 1892 the construction of the Acre-Haifa line was begun, and an inaugural ceremony held and "attended by the largest and most influential assembly modern Haifa had

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witnessed, the railway being very popular amongst all classes, and by none more so than the Bedouin owners of the camels, who had, up to this period, brought the immense supplies of grain from the rich plains of the Hauran to the ports of Acre and Haifa." ¹

Eventually this promising railway was taken over by the Turkish Government, as the company failed to raise sufficient money in England to complete the work. Had this scheme been backed up by the British Government, it would have blocked the German line to Bagdad, as the preferential rights had been obtained by the English company. But Lord Salisbury could not be induced to further the project. He said the British had too much already on their hands, and could not interest themselves about a railway in the Holy Land.

At Damascus I stayed with a wealthy Kurdish landowner. His mansion had a fountain in the centre of the three large drawing-rooms, which, combined with the fact that the blinds were always kept down after 7 a.m., made his house deliciously cool. My host was extremely proud of having once entertained the Kaiser Wilhelm II, when that monarch visited the East. The tea-party given on that occasion cost about £2,500, but as the Kurd had somewhere about £25,000 a year he could well afford the expense, though I must admit that it appeared rather a waste of money. He was a member

¹ Account by J. R. Pilling.

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of Parliament for the city when I was there in 1912, and told me he could place six thousand armed men in line at any time from his own tribesmen living in a suburb of the city. Our conversation had to be interpreted by his son, aged ten, a bright and clever boy, who, besides talking French fluently, was also learning English from an intelligent young lady from the city of Cork.

I think Cork must turn out many governesses, as I have come across them in varied places during my travels. In one small Russian town alone, there were six to my personal knowledge, and no governesses of any other nationality.

The desert that extends from Damascus nearly as far as Bagdad covers an area of about three hundred miles, and every week a regular postal service used to be carried on by means of a camel, which took seven days to accomplish the journey. At his journey's end he rested for a week. He only travelled at night, halting during the heat of the day by the side of some refreshing stream.

According to tradition it was to the Kassiyoun Hill, which towers above Damascus, that Adam and Eve fled after they were driven out of Mesopotamia. There also was the first murder committed, when Cain killed Abel. Seen from this mountain, Damascus—meaning literally “Drinker of Blood,” in commemoration of the murder—looks very beautiful; but its surroundings give an impression of intense soli-

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tude, for the sands of the desert creep right up to the very gates of the city.

The streets of the town are very narrow, so that it is impossible for carts to be used, and camels laden with every conceivable article under the sun take their place. It is computed that about ten thousand camels are at work daily in these by-ways. There is only one wide thoroughfare in the whole of Damascus, and the tramlines now running through the ancient city look singularly out of place.

During my sojourn in Damascus I experienced a specimen of Arabian accuracy. I remembered during the time of the "counter revolution" seeing a telegram published in all the English and foreign newspapers that if the Sultan (Abdul Hamid) did not immediately resign, eighty thousand men from that town were prepared to march at once on his metropolis. I happened to meet the originator of this statement, and asked him out of curiosity how many men he actually had ready at this time. He quietly answered "None," but that he and a few friends had taken possession of the telegraph office and had sent off the message. That was all. "But," he added rather bitterly, "the Young Turks who have come into office later have done nothing for me, and I regret the part I took in the matter."

If anyone wants to see local colour, I recommend them strongly to take a coasting steamer from Constantinople to Jaffa, which stops at

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each little town upon its course. I did this once. Many of my fellow travellers on that occasion were pilgrims on their way to Mecca, and they presented a very picturesque appearance. They could easily be seen from the top deck in their encampment on the lower, where they slept, washed, cooked, and worked in the open, with an old sheet hung up between each family for the purpose of securing a little privacy. The cooking arrangements were of the simplest, and none too clean. The captain of the steamer was a nice old person, and knew a sprinkling of Italian ; so I was able to converse with him in this language, for I cannot speak Greek. There happened to be a boycott on all Greek travellers and vessels at the time ; consequently, when we arrived at Mersina, no one could be found to land a Greek merchant from our ship. Some hours later, whilst wandering about the town, I came across a wretched boatman, who was receiving a fearful thrashing from an excited crowd. I was told he richly deserved his fate, for having landed this Greek merchant in consideration of a large bribe. The money was confiscated, and the boatman suspended ; which meant that he was not allowed to use his boat for six months.

At several of the ports *en route* we shipped a quantity of cattle for Alexandria. Our steamer usually lay about half a mile out at sea. Barges rowed out from shore towing the unfortunate cattle by their horns, who were then lifted

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up by means of a crane and lowered into the hold of our vessel. It was a slow process, like everything else that is done in the East, where time is of no particular value, and could hardly have recommended itself to the luckless animals.

The Island of Rhodes is particularly interesting on account of its ruins, which date from the time when the knights reigned there. Here I had the good fortune to come across an old acquaintance, a late Minister of War, supposed to be in exile, but who seemed very comfortable nevertheless, and was greatly appreciated by the inhabitants, as he was very wealthy, and very liberal in his ways.

We then proceeded to Smyrna, one of the principal ports of the Ottoman Empire, and a cosmopolitan stronghold. The inhabitants of the town and the regions round about at that time were kept in a constant state of ferment and excitement, owing to the depredations of a notorious brigand, who terrorized the neighbourhood. Unfortunately I have forgotten the name of this chieftain, who was said to have shot more than two hundred people with his own hand. The Turkish Government offered large rewards for his capture, but in vain, for he was not only greatly feared, but also (strange as it may appear) extremely popular with the people, perhaps because his attacks were only made on Government officials and the rich, money being his object. Were his victims

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unwise enough to try and defend themselves, he considered there was no other course open to him but to shoot them, much against his wishes. On the other hand, he was of a kindly disposition, and if any poor girl with no "dot" desired to get married, she need only apply to this amiable villain, and he forthwith undertook an attack on some wealthy person, to carry out this act of charity, and to assist the girl in her efforts to secure a husband.

On one occasion the authorities succeeded in capturing the brigand's wife and bringing her to Smyrna. The next day the Governor received the gift of a freshly cut-off arm, with a message that, until the lady was released, a similar parcel would arrive each day. The promised trophy came regularly for six days, but on the seventh it was thought advisable to set the prisoner free.

Colonel Hawker (Coldstream Guards), then temporarily in the "Gendarmerie" in Smyrna, thought that he could arrange for the brigand to meet me, but, as this required some considerable time to settle, I relinquished the idea. During the negotiations I was put, so to speak, under the brigand's protection, and no longer liable to an attack.

This was in 1910. The brigand was not caught till some years later.

On one journey from Turkey, through Serbia, I passed a small out-of-the-way station called Pirot, where I witnessed a peasant wedding.

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There were about twenty people attending the festivities, dressed in quaint and exceedingly picturesque costumes. The women wore locally-made clothes of some curious material, and elaborate bodices of black velvet covered thickly with gold embroidery and chains. The train officials, who did not seem to be in any particular hurry, good-naturedly agreed to wait a few extra minutes so that I could invite the whole wedding party into the restaurant car, where I entertained them as best I could. My real object was to allow a lady in the train to obtain a near view of their wonderful costumes. As it was raining hard she did not care to get on the platform to satisfy her very legitimate curiosity. The peasants on their side were evidently delighted to see the inside of a dining car, so this little arrangement suited all parties concerned.

And now Turkey has nearly been driven out of Europe. Changes, more far-reaching than ever imagined by the Russians in days gone by, have been effected—with what result time alone will show. From being the friend of Great Britain, Turkey had gradually been weaned away by Germany from her old ties of affection; the Young Turk was stirred by an ambition which neither his nature or his intelligence were able to fulfil. Tewfik Pacha, who has recently been in London at the Conference representing the Turkish Government, was Ambassador at the Court of St. James when

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the war broke out. I had known him years ago as Foreign Minister at Constantinople, where he had a fine residence on the hill overlooking the Bosphorus and Scutari, close to the German Embassy. Before that, he had been Ambassador in Berlin. Subsequently he held the post of Grand Vizier during what was known as the counter revolution in 1908, which ended after a few days in the dethronement of the Sultan Abdul Hamid. This must have been the most stirring time of Tewfik Pacha's career, when Abdul Hamid was conveyed by train to Salonika and placed in confinement. I had always been anxious to hear the story of the Sultan's abdication, and how he behaved when he found his days of power had come to an end, so I asked Tewfik Pacha for a written account of that event. But, like a true Oriental, he appeared to think the matter had been decided by fate, and that consequently it was useless for him to trouble himself any further about it. The present tenure of his office, I imagine, would be his most unpleasant experience; though in one way it must be the least troublesome, as so very small a portion of the country recognizes his Government, and in Constantinople he is virtually living under the rule of the Allies. To the present Sultan, who had been imprisoned for so many years during the reign of his brother, the state of things is not particularly irksome, for he has never enjoyed real freedom.

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Of all the Turkish ministers, I think Kiamil was the ablest. He was a man of high principle, always friendly to Great Britain, and had far bigger ideas than the other ministers. Of some of his followers I did not entertain the same high opinion. If Kiamil had been a younger man, and had returned to power eight years ago, it is very likely that Turkey would have been on the side of the Allies during the war. But he was too old, and not vigorous enough to succeed in ousting Enver and Talaat. The latter (recently murdered in Berlin) was a man of very great ability, but totally unscrupulous.

Certainly the Turks are not well qualified to rule over other races. Their ways are peculiar and *very* trying. Still I can't help feeling very sorry for them, for I have always had great sympathies with their quaint attitude towards life. Sincerely do I hope that the Treaty of Sèvres will not be ratified, at all events in its present form. Handling Turks is quite an art, but it can be done. I am indeed glad to have known Constantinople in its old unprogressive days. There were many things with which one could find fault, but the feeling of living in a different kind of world has great attractions. The East will always be the East, and the importation of European ways into that part of the world does not seem to fit in with Oriental customs.

CHAPTER VII

IN RUSSIA (SIMBIRSK)

Comfortable Travelling—Caviare—The Boer War and Russian Opinion—Simbirsk—Its History and Inhabitants—A General Parade of the Garrison—Holy days—The Imperial Family and the War—Extracts from a Letter—Refugees from Russia.

I HAVE always been anxious to see Russia and a little of its country life, so that I was particularly pleased when my cousin, Miss French (whom I mentioned in my first chapter), invited me to Simbirsk in 1899.

I had a very comfortable journey from Poland to Moscow and onwards. Travelling was always smooth and pleasant in Russia, though slow, for the trains only averaged a speed of about fifteen miles an hour, sometimes not covering more than seventy miles in six hours. This leisurely proceeding, and the fact that the gauge was wider than our own, accounts for the smoothness of the motion. Large stacks of wood, looking like railway sleepers, were piled up at each station to provide the necessary fuel to feed the engines, coal being almost unknown. When a concession for a line is

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obtained in Russia the right to fell trees at a reasonable distance on each side of the track is also given, so as to protect the forests from fires.

Everybody I met whilst travelling was extremely civil and obliging; not only my fellow-passengers, but the stationmasters, guards and porters. The refreshment room at Brest-Litovsk was about the best in Europe, and it was used as a restaurant by all the smart young people in the town. Indeed, good food was provided at every station. Cold biapt-chicks seemed to be the favourite dish, and, though they have not a great deal of flavour, they are in no way to be despised. Tea was served in large tumblers, and without milk. Usually lemon was added instead. The cooking everywhere was wonderful, and some kinds of fish, which do not exist in the West of Europe, were delicious.

Whilst on the subject of fish one's mind naturally turns to the well-known Russian caviare, which is the roe of fish found in the Volga. The fishermen there carry on their business even in the winter, when they bore holes in the ice to insert the bait and catch sturgeon, from which the best caviare is obtained, or sterlet, producing the next best. But any roe, if well prepared, is tasty, and both sturgeon and sterlet are extremely good to eat, though the former reminds one more of flesh than fish—it is so compact. The latter is a great

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delicacy, especially if cooked in champagne, with the addition of a little lemon. Fresh caviare, eaten within a few hours of being caught, has an absolutely different flavour and colour from the exported. The slight salting process to which it must be subjected for preservation entirely alters the flavour.

My real experiences of Russian life only began when I got to my cousin's house at Simbirsk. Now that all is changed there, it may not be unfitting to give some details of this place, which was so typical of the old Russia, so picturesque, and so deeply interesting.

Simbirsk is the capital of the province bearing the same name, which formed what the Russians call a "government," the territory of the province being about the size of Ireland. It was once much larger, but in 1856 the half on the other side of the Volga was made into a separate government.

The town is situated south of Nijni-Novgorod and Kazan, on a very steep hill overlooking the Volga, between that river and the Soiaga, the latter being remarkable for the fact that it flows steadily in the wrong direction. The hill is said to contain a mysterious cavern formed by the filtering waters of the affluent. Numerous slides took place recently, carrying down not only houses, but churches, after the railway experts had disturbed the soil during their survey of the slopes. But, on the other

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hand, the town now boasts of the largest bridge in Russia.

Simbirsk was first built, or rebuilt, on the site of the old northern town, by the Boyar Hitroro in 1640. The clay ramparts on which the old fortified walls stood are still to be seen straggling west, at a considerable distance from the town in the direction of Barataiewka, the former residence of one of the grand masters of the Russian Freemasonry, Prince Barataiew. This prince had a secret underground lodge, or temple, in the grounds of his park, and was a descendant of the Dadians of the Caucasus.

Part of the town was destroyed in 1864, but the archives, the old water-tower, and the cathedral were saved by my hostess's grandfather. The many domes, spires, and minarets glittering in the sun, give the place a most picturesque and oriental appearance.

About a quarter of the town is inhabited by Tartars, a bronze-faced race, who were formerly the masters of the country, of which the capital was Kazan, and long, long ago, Sarai. To them the "Great Grand Dukes" of Russia paid tribute until the end of the century. The Tartars are Mohammedans, and, though impoverished, had a rather fine mosque at Simbirsk.

Many of the princely and noble families in the central and lower Volga provinces are their direct descendants, and claim for ancestors the world-famed Khanes, hailing from the Golden, the Azure, and the Kaptchak Hordes.

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Before the Tartars, the Volgari (Volgares or Bulgarians) lived on that part of the Volga, migrating after the fifth century to the regions they now occupy. The old town of Bolgari is, I believe, nearly opposite Simbirsk; at all events it is not far away, and its ruins are still to be seen.

Many half-civilized tribes are still to be found in the remoter parts of this government, such as the Echonacles and the Tchere. Close to an adjacent village, called Mouranka, tombs of an unknown race have been found, containing the most wonderful gold ornaments, and there is a legend that the great Semiramis reined up her horse on the eastern bank of the Volga.

It was at Simbirsk, too, that the famous bandit and would-be Czar, Pougatcheff, was defeated, caught, and imprisoned. He was ultimately taken to Moscow, where a tower still bears his name, and was executed in 1775.

Simbirsk also boasts of a national Robin Hood, "Stenka-Razin" the outlaw, who lived in the Djigooly Hills, and ransomed the travellers on the Volga, falling upon them with his flotilla of painted barges. The stories of his exploits still echo along the river—the favourite one tells of his love for a Persian princess, whom he had kidnapped, but ultimately sacrificed at the wish of his fellow bandits. They complained that he was growing too soft-hearted under her influence; so, after a last embrace, he hurled her from a sack into the Volga.

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A number of distinguished men have been born at Simbirsk, amongst whom I may mention Goutcharoff, the poet, and Tasikoff, some well-known statesmen and artists, and Karamzin, Russia's greatest historian.

The horses of the country are exceptionally fine, and many of the most celebrated Russian studs can be seen in some of the eight counties or districts that form the province of Simbirsk.

At the time I visited Miss French the Governor of the province was a Mr. Akinfiw, a kindly old man, easily accessible to all. He was allotted a special stall in the centre of the front row in the fête and concert room of the Grand Maréchal's house, with a box at the theatre, and naturally had the use of Government House. Otherwise no special marks of State or personal benefits were attached to his position. There were none of the advantages which belong—let us say—to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Governor used frequently to visit the house at which I was staying, unattended, and certainly he was no tyrant. The drastic powers I had thought to find vested in him did not in reality exist; and upon my calling his attention to this fact, he told me they had all vanished years ago. He suggested that I must have been reading *My Official Wife*, or some of the blood-curdling books which sometimes appear in England about Russian affairs. He raised no objection whatever to my visiting the prisons, the asylums, or any other places

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that happened to interest me. The Governor had had a beautiful wife, from whom he had been divorced—she then married the Duke of Leuchtenburg.

The “Grand Maréchal de la Noblesse” in each government was elected by the gentry for a period of three years, together with eight “maréchaux” for the eight counties. He could be re-elected several times if he proved popular. His duties seemed to consist chiefly in having to reside in the palace, which belonged to the aristocracy, and entertaining the said aristocracy whenever they came to visit their capital. He also had direct access to the emperor in connection with the affairs of the landed gentry. He received no pay whatever. The year I was there the Maréchal in office was a Mr. Polivanoff, a very polished and popular gentleman, with a handsome and agreeable wife, who did the honours in a charming fashion.

According to the Russian custom, the hostess stays in her place after dinner until all the guests have filed out; the men kissing her hand, and the women saluting her upon the cheek, a graceful way of expressing thanks for her hospitality. Another thing which struck me was the custom of walking round the table to drink her health in her immediate presence. This ceremony had then died out in Petrograd, but was still kept up in the provinces.

Miss French inherited much property in Russia through her mother, and was an exten-

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sive landowner in the Volga district. Her house at Simbirsk was large and very suitable for entertainments. It was full of exquisite things. Her country residence, "Kindiakowka," was about four miles off.

Kindiakowka was the site of Goutcharoff's famous novel, *The Cliff*, and used to be much visited by tourists. Of course the place has now been burnt to the ground, and everything Miss French possessed was plundered by the Reds.

I arrived at Simbirsk in the winter, to find it all under snow and very cold, about 35 degrees below zero being the usual temperature during December. But this did not prevent us from driving about in open sleighs, as, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the extreme cold was quite bearable. If fresh snow did not fall every now and then, the peasants looked upon it as unlucky. In a sense this was true, because the driving tracks in the snow became so hard, and a fresh fall of snow helped to level the ruts, and improve travelling very considerably. The whole country looked like a vast field of snow, and it was very easy to lose your way in the unending wilderness of white. To prevent this the peasants piled up great mounds of snow, into which they stuck branches from fir trees, at intervals of about ten yards apart, to guide the traveller. Naturally all the traffic was conducted by sledges, and no vehicles with wheels could be used during the winter months.

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St. George is the patron Saint of the Russian army, and I was present on his feast day, when a general parade of the garrison was held, going on afterwards to an extremely long ceremony, which took place at the "Orthodox" cathedral. The rifles were stacked outside the church, guarded only by a few sentries. Within the cathedral the singing was impressive, but very strange, and totally unlike any I had ever heard in other parts of Europe. But it was a never-ending ceremony, and became very wearisome, because the male portion of the congregation had to stand all through the service.

I found the number of holy days in Russia absolutely bewildering. Saints' days and the birthdays of the Imperial family had to be all observed in their turn. I was afraid I was going to be prevented from leaving Moscow for Germany by one of these recurring birthdays; for I was told by the police official, to whom I applied, that in consequence of some festivity I could not get any passport viséd. But a double fee changed his opinion, and made him comply willingly enough with my request.

It is appalling to think that everything in that unhappy country is now, so to speak, in the melting-pot, with but little prospect of ever again being as it was before the revolution. And whatever faults the late Imperial family may have had, it appears to me that we owe the Czar Nicholas a considerable debt of gratitude, for had he not consented to attack the

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Germans on the Russian front as he did (in the third week of the war) the Allies must have found a very much larger force of Germans to deal with at the Battle of the Marne. It would seem that when the French Government, after Mons and Charleroi on August 24, 1914, insisted that Russia should push an attack on a large scale, General Gilneski, commanding the armies opposite East Prussia, was very averse to it, as was General Yanouchkewich, chief of the Staff. Nevertheless, this advance was carried out by the Emperor's own wish, in order to assist the Allies, and for no other reason. The disaster resulting from this offensive, however, was greater in its magnitude than could be conceived possible. The 18th and 16th Corps were surrounded, and the Russians must have lost over 20,000 killed and 90,000 prisoners in that ill-fated battle.

The Czarina's sister, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, was, as all the world knows, a woman of exceptionally fine nature. Her husband was killed by a bomb in 1905, thrown at him in the Kremlin. The Grand Duchess interceded with the Emperor on behalf of the murderer, Kalcing. She subsequently retired to a convent in Moscow, which she had previously founded. The aid she rendered to the wounded during the war was invaluable. But she, poor thing, also met with a violent death, for she was killed by the Bolshevists at Alapaiewsk, 150 miles from Ekaterinburg. Her body was

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smuggled across Siberia by her friends, and brought back to be buried in Jerusalem last February. M. Sazonoff, who was Foreign Minister under the Imperial rule, and whom I met recently, seemed to take things more or less impassively. He had been appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James', and was actually on his way to take up his post in March 1917, when the revolution occurred.

I have met many Russian friends, now refugees in London and in Paris, and their graphic accounts of what they have had to endure are almost incredible. Unfortunately, most of those I know have lost all they possessed, and life for them is a hard problem.

The following extracts from a letter received in 1918 from Miss French only serve as first-hand evidence of the tragedies in Russia, now known to all the world:—"When you have been fleeced and robbed, when you have gone through a nightmare of horrors, you cannot help looking round to find out where all your troubles come from. . . . In this country, freedom was only given to pickpockets and thieves and highwaymen, and all those belonging to the class called hooligans in Russian, and apache in French. Land-grabbers and land-sharpers of every description are simply wading in luxury. We are all penniless, destitute, and defenceless, and if a cultured person opens her lips a prison-door soon closes upon her, and she is labelled 'suspecte, anti-revolutionnaire, or réactionnaire,'

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according to her station in life. . . . I had a lovely home; savages have turned it into a hell. . . . We all hope this is a passing curse, and that order will be some day restored, but hope is all we have to live upon, and we are getting very thin and worn out on that régime.

"The Fondé de Pouvoir of the Red Cross, the Grand Maréchal Mr. Belekoff, is blocked up in his country place by the peasants, and fears to leave it for one instant, as they threaten to burn down his house, and his mother in it. . . ."

Last spring, when I was staying with my son-in-law, Colonel McMicking, in Southampton, I met many of the ships returning from Russia with large numbers of British subjects on board, who had been released from imprisonment in that country. Miss French was amongst the number. Her health was much impaired, but all her terrible experiences had been unable to crush her spirits.

Lady Marling, wife of our able Minister at Copenhagen, who did such wonders in Finland to rescue and assist British prisoners in Russia, had been most kind—not only to her, but to all the poor travellers who had passed through that country on their way to England.

CHAPTER VIII

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International Politics—Schools: Abroad and in England—
Cricket—Beaumont College—Foreign Languages—Railway
Accidents—Fires in Theatres and the Charity Bazaar in
Paris—Litigation in Ireland, Constantinople and London—
Motor Cars—Flying Machines—Military Matters.

MME. DE BOIGNE, in her interesting memoirs of the last century, states that in her opinion the most enthralling subject for study is politics in the wider sense of the word. A sentiment with which I entirely agree.

International politics are not only engrossing, but so vast and mutable, that there is always matter for fresh interest cropping up, always something new to be digested. It is a thousand pities that men and women do not seem to realize the importance of foreign dealings in relation to our own, and do not try to keep abreast of, not only the home problems which concern the British Empire, but also what takes place beyond it, and affects other nations. But until geography and history are made to assume more importance in the eyes of those who undertake the education of the youth of

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this country, I presume things will remain as they are, and that the average boy, who, let it be remembered, is the man of the future, will continue to be as ignorant of what affects these islands as he has been in the past. Few marks are ever given for history or geography at school examinations, and there is little encouragement to those who might otherwise care to study these subjects.

I remember saying to a boy who had just left one of the leading public schools, "Who is the King of France?" and received the following quaint reply: "Oh, I never bother about that. I suppose some Louis fellow or other." The education of this boy had presumably cost his parents about £300 a year. I grant you his cricket was unimpeachable, and, as he came of a cricketing family, I have no doubt his father and mother preferred his proficiency in that game to a knowledge of history. Personally, I am far prouder of the fact that my second son was first at Sandhurst both the terms he spent there, than if he had been captain of a county cricket eleven. But judging by the newspaper posters in the London streets, I take it I am rather singular, for apparently cricket, football, and racing are incomparably more to the public taste than world politics. And yet the present condition of Europe is such that there are unending problems in practically every country and state which should be of the very gravest interest to everyone. Joseph

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Chamberlain once told us we should think imperially. I would go further—I should advise people to think not only imperially, but also internationally. In the Near East alone we have a problem of intense magnitude, but it appears to be considered in the light of a nuisance—something not worth a thought. The Treaty of Sèvres seems to have intensified the trouble in that part of the world. Complete ignorance as to the requirements of these various nationalities is at the root of these shortcomings. Unemployment, the hardest stumbling-block of to-day, is closely bound up with foreign matters. We cannot afford to stand outside European politics.

Another subject disgracefully neglected at school is the study of modern languages; and again, one of the reasons that boys refuse to work at them is the insufficient marks given for their encouragement. One would almost think they were considered bad form. This also is largely due to the authorities, who do not sufficiently support the masters responsible for these subjects. It is different on the Continent, where the necessity for inter-communication is fully recognized. In Russia, at Simbirsk, where the local aristocracy were particularly exclusive, I was astonished to find that the only person not belonging to their class who was admitted to their society was a French professor from the college in the town. So surprised was I at their relaxing towards him, that I asked for

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an explanation, and received the reply that as this gentleman was engaged in teaching French to their sons they felt he should be treated with every consideration. I cannot imagine such an attitude ever being adopted to a teacher of foreign languages over here.

The British ignorance of foreign tongues has always been notorious. Lord Beaconsfield was unable to converse in French, or indeed in any foreign language; and the same remark applies to many of our modern statesmen. In business this weakness is equally disastrous.

I remember meeting an Englishman at the Slavenski Hotel in Moscow, who had been sent to Russia about some important engineering contract; but as he knew neither Russian nor French, he could not arrange suitable terms. At first he had hoped to rely upon the services of an interpreter, but soon found this was an impossible way of conducting important negotiations, and had to give it up. Things are not managed like this by the Belgians.

For some time I was a director of a tramway company in Brussels, the other eight directors being Belgians. Besides French and English, these men could talk Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Greek, and were capable of conducting business transactions in any of these languages. It is through proficiency of this kind that work is found for the numerous engineers and business men of this wideawake little country in the different parts of the world, where the success

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of any undertaking depends so largely on the gift of tongues.

My own knowledge of French has nearly always enabled me to exchange ideas with people of other nationalities. Only once did I fear it was going to fail me, and that was on a visit to a Kurdish chief at Damascus—mentioned elsewhere in this book. Even then it proved an open sesame in the end, for the son of my host was studying English with an Irish governess and could speak French. With the exception of a few people in out-of-the-way places, educated foreigners nearly all know French. I was educated at Beaumont College, which is situated on a slight hill overlooking the Thames, half-way between Windsor and Staines. Before I went there I could speak French, Italian, or German, and had already learnt a little Spanish. I need hardly say that all these languages went to the wall by the time I had been at school a year, or two at most. The first term I happened to have a good German master, but he was soon replaced by one who was quite incompetent. Nor was much time allowed for French, or any importance attached to learning it. I am not suggesting I was taught nothing at Beaumont; on the contrary, I consider that it gave, and still gives, one of the best educations in the country. Some of the masters of my time have become famous in later years, amongst whom I may mention Professor Barff, the great

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chemist, and Father Bernard Vaughan, the celebrated preacher. Very many of the boys have distinguished themselves in various professions, such as Sir Charles Russell, one of the most eminent solicitors, Lieut.-General Sir George MacDonagh, who is now Adjutant-General, the Honble. Frank Russell, now a judge, the late Sir Mark Sykes, M.P., etc. But perhaps if the parents of the coming generation were to see things in the light in which I and some others see them, schools would take up the matter of languages, and they would come to be regarded as no less important than games or mathematics. I speak from a certain amount of experience, for I have always taken an interest in the subject of education, and made a point of visiting all sorts of schools in different parts of the globe. I must confess that I am not altogether in favour of foreign methods; for abroad, on the contrary, the working hours are far too long, and games play too small a part in a boy's life.

But obviously school cannot do everything, and I am convinced that those who can afford to do so ought to travel to enlarge their own views and appreciate those of others. I do not refer to the kind of travelling that begins and ends with a month on the Riviera, or a fortnight once a year in Paris or Homburg.

The proper way to learn the manners and customs of other lands is by staying with people of different nationalities in their own homes.

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To converse with men and women who hold diverse opinions and live in different conditions to our own, is the best means of acquiring information.

I have been in the habit of mixing with all classes and all nationalities, and the only persons with whom I cannot get on are those who have always lived at home, and never seen or imagined anything beyond their own circumscribed affairs. This is a type common to all countries, but I hope and believe it is slowly dying out. So may the love of petty gossip pass away in the cultivation of wider interests!

Assuredly our grandfathers knew what they were about when they considered their sons' education incomplete, until they had seen something of foreign cities.

Of such stuff were the political empire builders of the past.

To turn from international to parochial affairs, undoubtedly one of the causes of discontent in County Galway is the general idea that farming is the only means of making a livelihood. The folk are apparently unaware of the many ways in which still more lucrative means of subsistence can be obtained, as a natural result the good tradesman is a *rara avis* in Galway.

Still in this country we are not without Solomons. A local arbitration court once assembled to decide the following question. A father died

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and left his farm of sixty acres in equal shares to his two sons. As some parts of the land were better than others, the two sons could not agree how to divide it. The court decided that the elder son should make the division, and the younger son should have his choice, thereby insuring that the eldest would divide it fairly.

In a life like mine one is bound to come across adventures. I have been in two or three railway accidents and fires in theatres. I have mixed with all sorts of people—had my share of litigation and of sport. The first time I was in Spain, in December 1867, our train met with a mishap near Alsasua. Happily no one was killed, and, as the accident occurred only a mile or so from a station, we could walk back to where we came from. Beyond having to spend the night in discomfort and a vast deal of dirt, nothing worse befell us. I was in a far more serious accident on my way to Italy in the seventies. The express from Paris was quite punctual, and we were running along the single line near the lac du Bourget, a few miles from Aix-les-Bains, when we were awakened by a terrific bump, and found we had collided with a train coming from the opposite direction. Fortunately we were slowing down to take the curve at the lake, or it is very improbable that I should be alive to tell the tale. I was in a fauteuil-lit toward the rear of the train, and escaped with a severe shaking; but a

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friend of mine and his wife, who were in a *coupé*, were both killed.

We clambered out of our carriage as soon as possible, and I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and the snow was lying white all around. The two opposing engines were piled up one on the top of the other in a battered heap, water and steam still oozing and hissing from them; many carriages were wrecked, and the cries of the wounded, some buried beneath the horribly fantastic débris, were terrible to hear. We did all we could for these poor creatures, and then walked on to Aix, about four miles, through the snow, leaving our belongings in the wrecked train to take care of themselves.

But perhaps the most appalling thing to witness is a frightened crowd that has got completely out of hand. This happened once at a fire which broke out at a theatre, when I was in the stalls, and I shall never forget the experience. It was an evening performance in a fine new theatre at The Hague, when suddenly I saw a little tongue of flame shooting out at the side of the stage. I saw at once that something was wrong, and managed to reach the vestibule before the bulk of the audience stampeded. Frightened out of all discipline, they scrambled pell-mell up the staircase, tumbling on the top of one another, shrieking, shouting, fighting for their lives. It was not a very

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serious fire, and nobody was killed ; but many were injured from being trampled upon by the terrified mob.

There would have been far fewer casualties at that ill-fated charity bazaar fire in 1898, in the Rue Jean Gougeon, at Paris, but for the frenzied struggle of the unfortunate people to get away. I had myself intended going to the bazaar, but was kept so long at the Longchamps races that I had been obliged to give up the idea. The first thing I heard on reaching my hotel was the news of the fire, said to have been caused by the upsetting of a paraffin lamp inside a tent. Many beautiful women were burnt to death on this awful occasion. But though the manner in which these ill-fated people met their end was terrible, I have never been able to understand why many of us fear death so much. It comes to everybody sooner or later ; so why not face the fact, and put our affairs in order ? We have all been brought so close to it in these last few years, it seems strange that many still fail to realize the inevitable, leaving their wills unwritten or unsigned.

It is of course always a mistake to go to law unless one is obliged ; but I must admit that I have had some amusing experiences of litigation. My first legal venture was tried by Lord Morris at the Galway Assizes, and ended successfully for myself. It was an action which I brought against a veterinary surgeon for

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breach of warranty, concerning two horses I had bought from him with a written guarantee upon their soundness. The case was as clear as daylight, but Lord Morris was very uninterested, and the sympathies of the jury were dead against me. During the eloquent and humorous speech of my counsel, Mr. J. Joyce, Lord Morris was apparently making no attempt to listen, but threw his pen at the doorkeeper, petulantly remarking that the pens in Galway were always the worst in the world. In the end, the doorkeeper was fined five pounds, but I need hardly say that the fine was afterwards remitted. Later I met Lord Morris, and taxed him with not having paid any attention to my counsel's speech. He said the case was so clear that it had been quite unnecessary for him to listen, it was only a matter of persuading the intelligent jurymen. What brought the truth home to these "intelligent" jurymen was my coachman's admission that he had received twenty pounds, a sum which, on the face of it, was out of all proportion to the £160 paid for the horses. Another party had also received £10; but, owing to peculiar reasons, this latter fact had to be suppressed.

The same night, as I was leaving Galway station, I was accosted by a man, who asked me for a drink, because, he explained, he had been on the jury and had voted for me!

A lawsuit which I brought in Constantinople was also given in my favour. It was a matter

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in connection with a Railway Concession, and a much simpler thing to arrange. The action was brought against the Turkish Government, a matter of about £20,000 being involved. The business of the barrister was not only to make a speech, but to arrange with the judges for a suitable verdict for ourselves, the plaintiffs. To insure this result, a fixed percentage on the amount involved was handed over to cover the expenses of the barristers, and to help the underpaid judges. They, no doubt, considered that £20,000 was being taken out of their own country, and presumably they had very large families to support on a very small income. The result was satisfactory to all parties.

But this did not end the matter. A gentleman sent round word to me that he had drawn the cheque for the Minister to sign, and, as he also belonged to the great underpaid Turkey, suggested that I should give him the trifling sum of £300 for his trouble. But upon this point I was adamant; and at last this Armenian gentleman, who was in the Public Works department, consented to draw up the cheque without remuneration, but only after a conversation with the Minister of Public Works.

As a magistrate at the petty sessions, it has been a continual astonishment to me to observe the amount of perjury in the courts. Sometimes I have found it positively bewildering, and I have come to the conclusion that people who

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attend a large number of cases must gradually lose all belief in the veracity of witnesses.

I was once subpoenaed by a business man in the city for a case in which he had been had up for contempt of court. I told him I would rather not appear, for, if a certain question were put to me concerning him, I should be obliged to tell the truth and thus ruin his case. He replied that the Crown counsel was an abusive and a stupid man, who would be sure never to put that particular question. Events proved my acquaintance to be correct in all particulars. Counsel *was* abusive—indeed, I had to appeal to the judge to stop his flow of language, and he never asked the important question, with the result that my man won.

I have often been present at trials of sensational cases. Those in Paris have proved extraordinarily engrossing. The Dreyfus, Humbert, Steinheil, Caillaux, and other similar occasions were most melodramatic, and the eloquence of men like Henri Robert, Chenue, and several others, simply marvellous; their language so well chosen and so beautifully expressed. To hear these great lawyers speak is to receive an education in the French language, to appreciate its delicacy and the wonderful effects of which it is capable.

People have become so accustomed to motors nowadays, that they have entirely forgotten the prejudice that once existed in England against this form of locomotion. In 1887 I had the

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use at Trouville of one of the first eighteen tiny machines turned out by De Dion. They were such failures ; such useless toys, they could scarcely go for a thousand yards without stopping. After no more than ten years the manufacture of motors has become a great industry in France. In the early stages I brought over a Darracq from Paris, and whilst driving it from Newhaven to London I met two gentlemen on horseback, who shook their fists at me. I suppose they trembled for the safety of their steeds. The prejudice against these first cars was equally great on the financial side. I recollect the head of a big firm on the Stock Exchange saying that no one in London would help to finance such an absurd business as a motor factory. King Edward did a great deal to further this industry by ordering, very early in their day, several cars by different makers, both in France and England. Always far-seeing and unprejudiced, he gave a lead to his subjects on many occasions. Had he had his way before he came to the throne the *entente* with the French would have been accomplished years earlier, and might have prevented much unpleasantness, such as the Fashoda incident, the Newfoundland and the Egyptian questions, which would have been arranged far more satisfactorily.

It was doubtless owing to the necessities of the war that flying machines developed so quickly. I have only once been in one. It

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was by no means the perfect aeroplane in use to-day, and my pilot was smashed up whilst in Switzerland about a fortnight after my little experience. I came to the conclusion that I was too old to derive any pleasure from flying, but I imagine that to a young man it must be the most perfect mode of travel, for the panoramic views to be obtained when flying low, and the extraordinary feeling of exhilaration due to high speed.

From earliest boyhood I have always been interested in everybody and everything connected with the military profession.

For a while I was attached to the Welsh Regiment (then the 69th), also the K.O.S.B.'s (then the 25th). When I was in the 5th West York Militia, we had a very cheerful lot of young officers. Sir Robert Gunter was the C.O. (he had formerly served in the 4th Dragoon Guards, and eventually went into Parliament). The Hon. E. de Grey Beaumont (who was afterwards in the 16th Lancers), Lord Hawke, Sir Joseph Radcliffe (who married a sister of my brother-in-law, John Talbot, of Rhode Hill), the Honble. H. Boyle, John Lodge, the Honble. Edwin Lascelles, and Morton Tomlin were all brother officers.

During the eighties I was able to follow the manœuvres of the 9th French Corps and certain other troops. The officers belonging to the various Powers invited to attend, amongst whom was included Major-General Lord Edward

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Gleichen, were quartered in the fine old chateau of Oyron, where Madame de Montespan lived for a while after she had been cast aside by Louis XIV. My father's youngest sister had married the Marquis d'Oyron in 1858, to whom the chateau belonged.

The 9th was considered one of the "good" corps in France. The inhabitants of Touraine and Poitou districts, which contain scarcely any manufacturing towns, turn out excellent and well-disciplined soldiers. In October 1914 this corps was stationed in the vicinity of Ypres, under Foch, whose headquarters at the time were at Cassel. Even then, the Marshal was considered one of the coming men by French officers.

The French are especially enthusiastic about their 20th Corps (Nancy), which was commanded by Foch before the war. The 20th was utilized somewhat in the same way as our Guards Division, being put into the line wherever something important was going on. The men were always smart and fit, the regiments kept well up to strength, and they invariably gave a splendid account of themselves in action.

Towards the latter part of the war General Berdoulat, who had so distinguished himself whilst in command of the 1st Colonial Corps on the Somme, was transferred to the 20th Corps. He told me that for some days in the spring of 1918 all his divisions were "borrowed" to go to Ypres and Amiens, and for the time being



CHÂTEAU D'OYRON.
From an old print.

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the 1st and 2nd American Divisions, the 15th Highland, the 80th English Territorial, and a Moroccan Division formed his command. He is extremely proud of having had the splendid 15th Highland Division under him, and expresses great admiration for both officers and men. A large proportion of the former sent him Christmas cards, which act afforded him much gratification, as it showed they had not forgotten their temporary French Commander. Near Doullens, General Berdoulat noticed the following inscription on a pillar near the spot where many Highlanders had fallen :

“Here the noble thistle of Scotland will flourish for ever amidst the roses of France.”

The 20th Corps took part in the great attack near Villers Cotterets on July 18, 1918, where they scored a very great success, and took many thousands of German prisoners, besides a considerable number of guns.

Previous to the war Berdoulat had spent his life in the Colonial Army, and had fought in Tonkin, the Soudan, and Madagascar, where he was chief of the staff to General Gallieni (Governor of Paris in September 1914). He showed such great military ability during the war that he was appointed Military Governor of Paris, a position which entitles him to live in the beautiful residence at Les Invalides, not far from the tomb of Napoleon, a fine home for the gallant general, who, like many other men

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of mark, is so perfectly simple and unassuming in his ways.

The 1st (Lille), the 6th (Chalons), the 10th (Rennes), and 11th (Nantes) corps also made great names for themselves in the war.

When the 9th Army was formed by Foch at the end of August 1914, I think the two latter Breton Corps, with the 9th Corps and the 42nd Division, were about all he had under him, though he borrowed a division from the 4th and 5th Armies, which were on either side of him. Their entry into Chalons on September 11th was the result of heroic fighting around the Marais de St. Gond, and the stubbornness they had displayed the previous week was worthy of all praise. When I saw them a few days after their great victory, their numbers were indeed thinned by death; but the survivors were in splendid spirits, even though they seemed to realize that a lot of spade work had to be done before they could finally beat the Boche.

In Continental countries each district has its own corps, which is conscripted mainly in the neighbourhood of its headquarters. Thus, when one knows the number of a corps, one can usually judge from what part of the country most of the men come.

In April 1914 my youngest son (then at Woolwich) and I were invited by Commandant Davissard to spend the morning at the barracks where his regiment, the 1st Cuirassiers, were quartered in Paris. It was on the occasion of

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the state visit of King George and Queen Mary to France, and the day that they made their entry into Paris, detraining at the pretty little Bois de Boulogne station. The Cuirassiers were to supply the royal escort in the afternoon, and, as we went through the barrack rooms, I was struck by the faultless order of helmets, breastplates, and other accoutrements. The canteen, which was called "La Co-operative," was excellently managed in every respect, and it was astonishing to see what a number of appetising cakes had been produced for the day's consumption. I considered the cooking arrangements far superior to any I had seen in either English or other foreign barracks, with the result that, not only did the men enjoy a greater variety of food, but waste was studiously discouraged. For the sum of one halfpenny the canteen could provide a plate of fried potatoes or a cup of coffee. I must add that the barber's shop for the use of privates was capitally furnished, the fittings being quite luxurious.

The Colonel proved a very pleasant companion, and showed us his two horses in the riding school, both of which, he told us, had been purchased at a Dublin Horse Show.

Officers in France do not mess in barracks, so we were entertained to lunch that day at the splendid restaurant in the Avenue Montaigne, belonging to the Plaza-Athénée Hotel. All the French officers with whom we lunched were killed before Christmas.

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The great drawback to the French cavalry was the short service system, and the small percentage of men called *réengagés* who volunteered for long service. Two years is short enough to train an infantryman, but it is hopelessly inadequate for cavalry training. A law was passed only a few months before the war, extending the terms to three years. In fact, at the General Election in May 1914, the principal item brought before the electorate was the heavily contested three years' service bill.

As the General Election was to be held a few days after the royal visit to Paris, the crowd gave a very warm reception to the numerous regiments when they marched up to their appointed positions, for army matters were much in the mind of the French public, the fear of Prussian aggression being, as it still is, always present to their imagination. Elaborate illuminations displayed in honour of the royal visitors ended a successful day in suitable fashion. The most remarkable was in the Rue de la Paix, where Paquin had a marvellous display: masses of lights and great draperies of velvet surmounted by a crown, which were hung from the top of the house to the bottom.

At the beginning of the war the 1st Cuirassiers went straight off to "somewhere near Liège," and subsequently, after the battle of Charleroi—were beside our army in the retreat from Mons. One of their officers wrote to me shortly afterwards, giving me a most detailed

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and eulogistic account of the British troops during that trying period, when so many gallant deeds were performed.

During the war the twelve Cuirassier regiments had to discard their breastplates and the helmets with long horse-hair plumes. It was altogether too conspicuous a garb, and too good a mark for the enemy. It is not intended that they shall ever resume their pre-war uniform.

The ancient regiment, the 1st Cuirassiers, which was always stationed in Paris, has now been finally disbanded; and the 12th, which made such wonderful history for itself, has replaced it.

France went light-heartedly enough into the war of 1870, with no preparations, and few fears as to the result. Her army only consisted of about 850,000 men, and her generals were of little use. No doubt later in Aurelles de Paladine, Chanzy, and Faidherbe, proof was given that she possessed good men. But after nearly all the regulars had been captured at Sedan and Metz—and the army was made up for the most part of only raw material and inadequate numbers—the task was hopeless. In any case the genius of the Prussian General von Moltke, combined with the huge military machine which he had built up, must have brought disaster upon the army of Napoleon III.

What a difference in 1914! Generals Daubeney and Desgouttes will no doubt play big parts in the next war, for both have shown

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themselves magnificent leaders. Pétain, Gourod, Fayolles, Castelnau, and many others have added lustre to their army. One of the most distinguished French generals—who personally has no liking for Foch—told me that no one but he could have done so well, from the moment when he obtained supreme command, for the difficulties he had to cope with were stupendous. This testimony, coming from such a man, is, in my opinion, the very greatest tribute ever paid to Foch, and highly creditable to the experienced General who gave it.

The “lucky” man of the war—I say this without the slightest intention of belittling his merits in any way—was Marshal Franchet d’Esperey. Possibly had he started in command of the 5th Army, instead of only receiving it after the defeat of Laurenzac, things might have been different in August 1914. The battle of Charleroi might conceivably have been won, and the British army might have found itself in a very different position, with very different prospects at Mons.

The General who received the greatest applause at the march past which took place in Paris after the war was Mangin, the great “thruster.” Certainly he and his 10th Army were magnificent in August 1918, and he had greatly distinguished himself at Verdun.

Before passing on to the few remarks I intend to make on military matters of other nations, I must not forget to add that the École de

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Guerre, which is equivalent to our Staff College, has been fortunate in its professors. I need only mention the names of Foch and Pétain to prove the truth of this statement. It is not astonishing that it turned out the first-class general officers who came to prominence in the war.

About twenty years ago, I had a good view of the German manœuvres near Nauheim. Over 100,000 troops took part, and I remember being struck at the time by the large number of footsore men. But it was a wonderfully interesting week, everything was splendidly handled; and the review held by the German Emperor as a grand *finale* was very impressive. On a previous occasion I dined with the General in command of the garrison at Coblenz, and he asked me if there were anything I would like particularly to see. I replied (it was then about 11 p.m.) that I should like to see the whole garrison turned out, and paraded at daybreak. He immediately consented, and by 4 a.m. several thousand soldiers turned out smart and clean on the parade ground. It was a beautiful summer's morning, and nobody seemed to object to the extra work entailed; but the German soldiers were often very hard worked, and seemed accustomed to have a pretty stiff time, for the officers—especially the juniors—never showed the consideration given by British officers to their men.

In Austria there were no footguard regiments.

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Smart battalions of Rifles—I think their number was thirteen—took their place. Their officers were very particular about the men who were allowed to join these regiments, and also as to whom their officers married among themselves. A friend of mine, who was a captain in one of these battalions, one day announced that he was about to marry the daughter of an English peer, upon which he was told permission could not be given till a *Peerage* had been produced, in case the “peer” should turn out to be a brewer, or somebody of that kind. In that case the officer would have had to leave the “Jaegers” (as the Rifles were called). Fortunately the family of the peer proved to be ancient, and the lady was cordially welcomed by her husband’s brother officers. Her husband was on leave in England at the time war broke out, and had to hurry back to join his regiment, whilst his wife followed him in the special train of the ambassador.

The Rifles were usually quartered in the Tyrol, not in the capital. Now that Austria is a republic, and all the old customs are swept away, probably the Rifles no longer exist.

Up to the year 1869 Austrian line regiments wore white tunics, which looked extremely nice when quite clean, but were not serviceable. The wars against Prussia and Italy in 1866 proved the great drawbacks to this uniform, and it was abandoned shortly afterwards. Many of the Irish and English Catholic gentry served in

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the Austrian cavalry before the 'fifties, as their religion seriously hindered promotion in the British army.

About twenty years ago, whilst paying a visit to the mayor at the town of Meodling, which is situated a few miles south of Vienna, I happened to make some inquiries concerning Austrian municipal arrangements, and asked the mayor if he knew anyone there who could speak English. He replied that one of the town councillors was an Irishman. This man told me later that he was a native of Cork, and that he had come to Austria in 1847 as a servant to my father, remaining with him when he joined a Dragoon regiment in Cracow. After about a year my father resigned his commission and returned home, but the servant preferred to remain in Austria, and was eventually naturalized. His affairs prospered, and he became a leading citizen of the town. He informed me that, as he had no relations alive at home, he never expected to see Cork again; but if ever Ireland were free he would return on a visit,—not *before* that event came to pass. He spoke English with some difficulty, as he had had little opportunity of keeping it up during those fifty years.

The Hungarian uniforms worn by the staff and cavalry used to be the most gorgeous in all Europe; but these, of course, have now ceased to be.

In Belgium—at all events before the war—

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a military career was not much thought of—business offered a more attractive opening to most people. Hardly any officers came from the aristocracy, except those who belonged to the two regiments of Guides, who were always quartered in Brussels.

The little I know about line regiments in Russia is gathered from what I saw in 1899. Then, at least, the spirit of *camaraderie* between the soldiers and their officers appeared to be very good, and discipline was well enforced. They had long sheds for the targets, and the men were kept at a good deal more musketry training than in the British army of those days. Though their pay was poor, their clothing was good. In the Guards the officers had not only a full dress uniform, but a second one almost equally showy. Even after they had left the regiment, they usually had the privilege of wearing these uniforms on occasion, chiefly at social functions.

The Turkish soldier is, as a rule, very docile, and an easy creature to manage. He is also a good fighter if he is properly equipped, and has received sufficient food, of which, indeed, he does not require very much. But under the rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid there seemed to be no proper training for either officers or men, and no manœuvres were ever held. The pay of the army was very trifling, even on paper, and was always in arrears. With the sole exception of the 1st Corps at Constantinople,

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which provided about 10,000 men every Friday for the Selamnic display, attended by the Sultan, the clothing worn by the soldiers was of the most wretched description, torn and patched in all directions.

I saw a good deal of the cavalry regiment quartered at Damascus in 1911. The colonel was keener as a politician than as a soldier. At that time he was especially anxious to ascertain whether Kiamil Pacha were likely to return to power and sweep away the existing War Office and its friends. A few of the younger subalterns had received a good military training in Germany, but the older officers were both ignorant and slack. Here, also, the regiment was more or less in rags, and its sabres and stirrups coated with rust; the horses too, though wiry and useful, were underfed and in poor condition. The amount of grooming they received was a negligible quantity.

One of the smallest armies in existence at the present day is the Papal one. It consists of 70 Noble Guards, about 250 Palatine Guards, and 185 Swiss Guards, and since 1870 this little force is only used for service in the precincts of the Vatican.

CHAPTER IX

MY SOLDIER SONS

So many parents have written books about those they lost in the Great War that I hope I shall be forgiven if I devote a little space to my own family and its doings, during those terrible years, and in particular to my two sons who were killed early in the war.

Mention of this kind seems to confer a sort of secondary life on earth to all the gallant boys who so gladly gave their lives for the cause.

All five of my sons served ; the two youngest made the supreme sacrifice.

Robert, who had been three years in the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers (which went out to France with the First Expeditionary Force), was killed on the Aisne on September 20, 1914, having been at Mons and all through the painful retreat. He was devoted to sport, a keen rider to hounds, and nothing pleased him better than when he was chosen to assist in the mastership of the battalion beagles when stationed at the Curragh, soon after joining the regiment. He



THE SONS OF THE DUKE DE STACPOOLE.

Roderick
(2nd-Lt. R.F.A.).

Hubert
(Capt. Prince of Wales'
Leinster Regt.).

George
(Capt. Connaught Rangers).

Robert
(Lt. Connaught Rangers).

Francis
(Lt. Irish Guards).

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was a bright, good-looking young man, with a keen sense of humour. Even as a small boy, this gift made him a favourite "entertainer" in the family circle, and his cheerfulness under the almost overpowering sufferings of these first months appears to have been highly valued by all around him. Sir Gerald Burke (Irish Guards), who saw him on the evening of the 19th, spoke of his excellent spirits and extreme popularity with the men, owing to the happiness of his disposition, his unselfishness, and his bravery.

He was only twenty-two years old when he was killed.

Roderick, my youngest son, who was still at the R.M.A., Woolwich, when war was declared, obtained his commission at once, and lost his life at the battle of Neuve Chapelle in March 1915.

Roddy had never tried to do more than just pass into Woolwich, for, though his brother Hubert had passed in fifth from Downside, and had come out first both terms at Sandhurst, his success never brought him any subsequent advantage. This fact seemed to discourage both Robert and Roddy, who both concluded that it was more important to excel in sport than to do well in mathematics. But they proved very good soldiers when the time came, and Roddy was mentioned in despatches in his very first action.

Roddy was a high-spirited boy, and, like his

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brothers, a plucky rider. A mount with the hounds was his ideal pleasure, and he spent the last two days of his last leave out hunting. At Downside School he had been a great favourite with both boys and masters; in the army he was the same. Every one called him "Roddy," even his battery commander, Major Head, who said to me at Winchester a month after he joined the Gunners: "We all call him Roddy; when he is naughty we shall call him Roderick, but it has not come to that yet!"

After Roddy's death, a major belonging to the same brigade (45th), in a letter to his wife, sent the following message concerning him to a mutual friend:

"If you see Humphrey, tell him how deeply the whole brigade felt the loss of that dear spirited boy, de Stacpoole, a charming youngster, almost a child, with the face of a girl and the heart of a hero. He was killed carrying a telephone wire across an open and fire-swept field, leaving his men under cover, and doing the most dangerous work himself."

Of my other three sons, my eldest, George, was in the special reserve of the Connaught Rangers (the old Galway Militia), and went out in the original Expeditionary Force with the 2nd Battalion. He was serving in the same unit as his brother Robert when the latter was killed.

On the night August 25-26, 1914, during the retreat from Mons, the Connaught Rangers were

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with the rearguard, and at about 11 a.m. on the 26th were relieved by the French, who were almost at once severely attacked by the Germans. The C.O. of the Connaught Rangers, with half the battalion, including my son George, went to assist the French, withdrawing after a couple of hours' hot engagement, when the latter had brought up their reserves. But before the Rangers had time to form up and join the other half of their battalion, they were ambushed on both flanks by the enemy, who had arrived in motor-cars. In a very short time they were completely surrounded, and the few survivors taken prisoners, with the exception of Major Sarsfield and my son, who found themselves cut off from the main body and had a most exciting time. Though they succeeded in avoiding capture, and though neither were wounded, they were sniped at continually, and twice my son's hand was grazed by bullets. Their escape, which was nothing short of marvellous, was well described by Major Sarsfield in a letter published at the time. Eventually at dusk they were overtaken by a French regiment, and treated most kindly. Seeing how exhausted they were, the colonel lent them a horse, which they rode in turns, the marching one holding on to a stirrup. In this way they proceeded all night, and reached the other half of their battalion next morning.

Major Sarsfield then assumed command, as Colonel Abercrombie had been captured on

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August 26th. But he was not destined to hold this position long, for he was killed some three weeks later. In his pocket-book, sent afterwards to his wife, was a list of officers and men recommended for special recognition, my son being mentioned for his coolness, courage, and efficient leading of his men at La Cour Soupîrs, September 14th.

After being invalided on home service for a time, George went to the Salonika front. But he was not in a fit state of health to stand the climate, and having spent more than a year in the Macedonian trenches, enduring many privations and constant hardships, he contracted blackwater fever, from the effects of which it is doubtful if he can ever quite recover.

My second son, Hubert, who was educated at Downside, joined the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment from the R.M.C., Sandhurst, in 1908. After spending the first winter in the trenches near Armentières (where he won the first jumping competition in the 6th Division Horse Show in April 1915), his regiment was moved to Ypres. Here Hubert was seriously wounded the following June. By August 1, 1916, he had sufficiently recovered to go through a staff course at Clare College, Cambridge, from whence he contrived to get out once more to the French front, where he served as G.S.O. 8 with the 58th London Division.

For over a year before the armistice was proclaimed, he had been Brigade Major to Brigadier-

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General the Hon. A. Henley (127th Infantry Brigade), in the 42nd East Lancashire Division. The motto of this division was "Go one better," and I think they succeeded in acting up to it. They stopped a German advance at Buquoy in March 1918, and broke through the Hindenburg line just south of Havrincourt village at the end of September 1918. They then fought their way through the Forest of Mormal, and ended the war near Hautmont, on the Maubeuge-Avesnes road, on which line the King and Prince of Wales inspected them in December 1918.

The 42nd was the first Territorial division to go overseas, having embarked for Egypt in September 1914. They were also the first Territorial division to be demobilized—at Oswestry—in March 1919, coming from Charleroi, via Antwerp and Southampton. Hubert was three times mentioned in despatches in France, subsequently receiving the Military Cross and Croix de Guerre with palms. For his services in South Russia he was awarded the Cross of St. Anne with swords. Later he served a few months in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, and then proceeded to the Crimea as D.A.Q.M.G. with the ill-fated army of General Wrangel. But in obedience to the vacillating policy inherent to the Government, the mission was recalled the following May, a great deal of the taxpayers' money having been spent for nothing. It was, of course, a very interesting experience for my son, for he saw there a totally

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different method of conducting warfare from that to which he had been so long accustomed on the French front. The Russians were doomed in the long run to failure, owing to the want of ammunition, clothing, and other causes of a political nature.

Hubert has had further experience in Upper Silesia, when his regiment helped to clear the plebiscite area of insurgents and re-establish the authority of the Inter-Allied Commission.

Francis, my third son, left the Malay States during the war, and obtained a commission in the Irish Guards, after some months with the Officers' Training Corps at Bushey. He was very severely wounded in the face, legs, and left arm in March 1918, south of Arras, where the Guards came in for such hard fighting. After that he spent most of his time in various hospitals trying to recover, but I fear he also will never be his former self again. When sent home to England on a stretcher he had the good fortune to go to King Edward VII hospital, so ably and generously managed by Sister Agnes, who was a marvel of energy during the whole war, giving up all her time and skill to her hospital work, and never sparing herself in devotion to her patients. Her sister was equally untiring and successful in her solicitude for all who had the good fortune to be under their care. From there Francis went to Mr. Percy Noble's well-organized convalescent hospital at Taplow Priory, where every one received

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unforgettable kindness, and then on to Lady Aberconway's luxurious hospital for officers in Belgrave Square, where the beautiful ballroom had been turned into a large ward. Eventually he had to go to Sister Agnes's new hospital in Grosvenor Crescent for another operation. The work done by ladies and others in the organization of temporary hospitals during the war cannot be too highly praised or valued.

My only daughter, Gertrude, who (like my mother) was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton, married Colonel Harry McMicking, D.S.O., who went to France in command of his battalion, the 2nd Royal Scots, in the original Expeditionary Force. McMicking was badly wounded at Le Cateau on August 26, 1914, and was left on the field. Next day he was taken captive by the Germans, and had the misfortune to spend three and a quarter years a prisoner in Germany. For a long time many supposed him dead, for it was said he had been seen lifeless on the battlefield; but his wife never believed this, and courageously hoped on,—a valuable example to others. Great indeed was her reward, when, after two months of agonizing suspense, she received his first postcard, written weeks previously. It is awful to contemplate the unnecessary suffering imposed on so many by the brutal German system.

CHAPTER X

FLANDERS

Antwerp—The Last King of France—Bruges—The Carillonneur—Revival of Gothic Architecture—Pugin—A Unique Staircase—Wood-carving and Lace-making—Politics—Captain Fryatt—Ypres—Furnes, Nieuport, and Courtrai—The Difficulties of Rebuilding Ruined Cities—Armentières—The Tidying up of a Battlefield—Future Wars—The Opinion of a Belgian Intelligence Officer.

THE summer of 1871 saw us on a visit to Belgium. At Antwerp, we stayed at the old-fashioned Hotel St. Antoine, where we were fortunate enough to meet the Count de Chambord—generally known by his adherents as Henri V—the last of the Bourbons of France. He was the grandson of that noble but unwise monarch King Charles X, who was driven into exile in 1830. His father, the ill-fated Duke de Berry, was murdered coming out of the Opera House in 1820, his mother was the daughter of King Francis I of the two Sicilies. Had the Count been less high-principled and less obstinate, he could have returned to France as king. But nothing would induce him to adopt the Tricolour flag, the principles it repre-

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sented being altogether antagonistic to his own ideas of the divine right of kings. He was resolute in his determination not to accept the French crown, unless he could return under the old white fleur-de-lys, which was symbolical of his family. His restoration to the throne was so nearly accomplished in 1871, that even the harness to be worn by his horses on that momentous occasion had been already ordered. But though Henri V would have made a model king in olden days, before the French Revolution, I do not think his tenure of that position would have lasted very long under modern conditions. Short in person, with a slight limp, he was every inch a Bourbon. He wore a small beard, and looked his best on horseback. He was very royal, very simple, very pleasing. The magnificent castle of Chambord had been presented to him at his birth by the French nation, but, although about fifty years of age, he had never set foot in France since he was nine years old, until he went to Versailles shortly before I was taken to see him.

His wife, a daughter of the Duke of Modena, was of a very different type. Homely and ungainly, she never coveted a throne, and certainly did nothing to encourage her husband to accept it. In fact she had no love for the French. Her father was the ruler of a small Italian principality, who had the distinction of being the only prince to protest when Charles X was exiled and Louis Philippe

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made king in his stead in 1830. There is no doubt that the Countess de Chambord would have looked peculiarly out of place and dowdy in Paris, after the brilliant Empress Eugénie, who had only been dethroned the previous year.

We were very kindly received by these royal personages. And when we took our leave the Count embraced me according to the usual French fashion, saying: "Never forget that you have been kissed by the last King of France!" I never saw him again. He died twelve years later at Frorsdorff, his castle in Austria.

From Antwerp we went on to Holland, and from Holland back to Bruges, a city of which I never tire, and which I have visited many times. Nothing can surpass the charm of this mediæval town—the Venice of the North—with its old-world atmosphere, its intersecting canals, its architectural riches, the four great solid Porte gates, even the cobble stones beneath one's feet. Unsightly tramways recently laid down (there should be no room for such inartistic modes of conveyance in ancient cities), and motor boats which ply up and down the canals, have done their best to disfigure Bruges; but its beauty is too secure even to be destroyed by such modern contrivances. Those who do not care for architecture, the romance that age imparts or an old belfry which is perpetually peeling forth chimes night and day at every

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quarter, would not be wise to make a long sojourn, for the country round is flat and not particularly interesting. On Saturdays, and on certain holidays, this old belfry, not satisfied with playing what I believe to be the tune called Haydn's Surprise, in both the major and the minor key, gives a concert of about an hour's duration. A man armed with steel gauntlets plays these selections. It is a unique performance, and can be heard from a very long distance. Ghent, Antwerp, and several other Flemish towns possess fine chimes, but none are equal to those of Bruges. Indeed the *maitre carillonneur* of Bruges is looked upon as the head of his profession, and was recently invited to inaugurate a set of new bells in the French city of Lyons, during the visit of the President of the Republic.

About sixty years ago, there was a great revival in favour of Gothic architecture in Flanders. In fact it became a perfect craze and, unfortunately, some really valuable treasures were sold from churches and elsewhere, in order to raise money for modern Gothic ornaments—often of doubtful beauty. Pugin was largely responsible for this revival. At Lophem, about five miles distant from Bruges, Baron van Caloen owns a modern Gothic residence, built after the design of this well-known architect. The inside and the outside alike are Gothic; the furniture, the chairs, the sofas, the farm buildings, the very pig-

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styres ! Even an ancient bridge was pulled down, so that a new one could be constructed more in keeping with the rest of the surroundings. Alas ! much that was excellent was scrapped about that time, to make way for very undesirable innovations.

I always stay at the Hotel du Commerce in Bruges, an hotel which has been run by succeeding members of the same family for four generations. It stands next to the church of Saint Jacques, and is remarkable for a very unusual staircase. A succession of carved wooden swans, each holding a bar of balustrade in its upturned beak, is placed at the side of each tread ; and the effect produced by this sequence of swans is both charming and unique. But Bruges is full of such beauties.

One cannot walk casually down any of the rough cobbled side streets without coming upon some interesting block of stone carving on a doorway, some Gothic church more often than not filled with Renaissance ornamentation—some quaint bit of architecture. One cannot pursue any of the canals without catching glimpses of something extraordinarily picturesque and uncommon. Indeed it would almost seem as if the inhabitants themselves realize this fully, for it is a very ordinary thing to see looking-glasses placed sideways outside the windows, which repeat the view of the old streets for the benefit of those inside the house. Despite the secret fear that these mirrors may be only

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intended to gratify a little idle curiosity in the affairs of their neighbours, it is pleasanter to credit the townspeople with a perfectly legitimate desire to see as much of their mediæval city as possible.

Wood-carving seems to be a speciality in Bruges. It is certainly an absorbing, and I might add a very clean, occupation. Many an enjoyable hour have I spent in the workshops of these sculptors in wood, watching them chiselling out their skilful designs, noting the intelligent and artistic interest displayed in their profession. Not that it is always easy to understand their conversation, for French spoken by Flemish workmen is diluted with a good deal of Flemish, and the pronunciation is difficult to grasp. It is not pretty, and misses the easy elegance of French as it is spoken in France.

Another thriving industry in Flanders is that of lace-making; and I like to watch the old women in the humbler parts of the towns sitting outside their doorways with a cushion on their knees making lace in various antiquated and complicated ways. It is to be hoped this industry will not die out; the rising generation does not seem to care for such slow and sedentary work, and I am told on good authority that the last surviving worker in that wonderfully fine lace called Mechlin died a few years ago. Mechlin lace is already doomed to become only a memory.

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Life in the past used to be very quiet in Flanders, and the habits and customs often very quaint. I remember years ago paying a visit to an old gentleman who gave a luncheon party in our honour, to which a young man who had evidently intended to dress very correctly, arrived in white trousers and a swallow-tailed coat. The same old gentleman at a later date in Paris insisted on taking me with him to a lecture given by the great Catholic orator, who was also one of the leading Royalist Senators—M. Cheneslong. The subject of the lecture was "The Observance of the Sabbath." Racing and theatricals on Sunday were duly denounced. My old friend, who had slept peacefully throughout the oration, woke up at the end in time to applaud enthusiastically, and to remark that it was as fine a lecture as he had ever heard. He parted from me at the door of the hall, expressing a hope that he would see me the next day—Sunday—at Long-champs races!

Politics are taken very seriously in Belgium, and are responsible for a great deal of division amongst the people. Socialists are more friendly to the Conservative party than to the Liberal—in some instances, at all events. I happened to be in Ghent once during an election, and was amused to find the usually stolid Fleming giving way to excesses. The Liberals smashed the windows of the Catholic Club, and the Conservatives retaliated. There were scenes of

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rough hooliganism, and much bitterness was displayed.

Luckily very little destruction was done to Bruges itself during the war. One or two houses of no particular significance were damaged by air raids, and a portion of the canal in which the Germans had their submarine base; but nothing of much importance beyond the railways, which the enemy destroyed as they retired. This, indeed, was an inconvenient and malicious trick, as until these could be relaid, all traffic had to be conducted by means of tramway lines which run out into the country. It is a matter of congratulation to the whole world that the Germans did not seize upon the celebrated bells from the belfry when they requisitioned all the copper and brass in Bruges.

But it will never be forgotten by the British that Captain Fryatt met his death in Bruges, marching to his execution in the cavalry barracks square with a cigarette between his lips. A woman, an eye-witness who put the first wreath upon his grave, and was consequently "suspect" for a long time afterwards, described this sad procession to me.

Ypres, Furnes, and Nieuport I knew before the war. They were wonderful old places, but they possessed nothing like the fascination of Bruges. I spent a day at Furnes in October 1914, and from the number of shells which whistled round us we feared that the town was doomed. However, to a certain extent

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it escaped destruction, and I am glad that the Grande Place, with the delightful old houses surrounding it, still exists. Courtrai also was very fortunate on the whole. Not so Dixmude, which is merely a heap of ruins ; and Nieuport is totally destroyed. But a great portion of Flanders appears to me like one vast graveyard, in which few of us have not either a relative or friend buried. It is a terrible and impressive sight to see these once thriving towns and villages lying in ruins. Some have totally disappeared, not even a brick to remind us of what once existed. The former inhabitants of these shattered places are slowly gravitating back to what was once the site of their old homes, trying with a wonderful stoicism to begin life over again. *Que voulez-vous ? C'est la guerre*, said the old woman who had kept a well-to-do farm near Neuve Chapelle, where my youngest son was killed. Now she and her family live huddled together in a broken-down hut, apparently cheerful and resigned, and full of sympathy for me when I go to visit the grave. This is only one case in a thousand. These poor people have no means with which to rebuild their ruined homes, neither have they any prospect of ever being able to do so, unless the Germans are made to pay. And yet some people seem to think it unreasonable for the French Government to press the Treaty of Versailles, in order to get something towards helping to re-

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establish these destitute families in their former homes.

To how many tourists, I wonder, motoring round to see these fearful depredations, is the awful spectacle anything more than a show, organized to gratify their curiosity and morbid craving for excitement? Would it not be better if they gave the money they spend upon their curiosity to help the homeless and the destitute? The amount required to cover the cost of clearing and carting away the débris alone of all these buildings, before anything can be erected in their place, would be of itself an enormous sum. All the houses in the once flourishing town of Armentières with its 85,000 inhabitants, lie in utter ruin. The sight of the chapel, with a little patch of wall here, a clamp of iron there, a shred of curtain hanging in ribbons, a portion of the organ still visible, the whole covered by a temporary roof of corrugated iron, is enough to bring a lump to any throat. Part of the trenches, about two miles east of Armentières, dug in October 1914, and held for four years, is still unfilled. They were occupied during the first winter by the 17th Infantry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier (now Lieutenant-General) Sir G. Harper, who was subsequently transferred to the command of the famous 51st Highland Division, and now holds the Tidworth command—a gallant officer and a kindly man. The Leinsters were in the 17th Infantry

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Brigade, and it has been a matter of satisfaction to me that I was able to see where Hubert, my second son, spent the first winter of the war, and in some measure to appreciate the trying circumstances under which he lived. The Brigade "rested" at a magnificent building which was formerly an asylum, facing due east on the outskirts of the town. But like everything else at Armentières, it was gradually blown to pieces.

At Ypres last year over 3,000 men were working at the task of clearing the streets of fallen bricks and stones and rubbish; but a vast army is really required in order to carry through such a gigantic undertaking with any prospect of success. For, as one gazes down at the ruins, and looks out toward the waste of battlefields beyond, one has a feeling that the task of "tidying up" is almost super-human. A series of little estaminets, mere bungalows for the most part, have sprung up in what was once Ypres. Outside the ramparts lie stacks of ammunition, shells, hand grenades, and cartridges, between the never-ending series of water-logged shell holes. Great fences of rusty barbed wire, more like brown, withered hedges than anything else that I can think of, dug-outs piled up with sand-bags, and pill boxes, still remain to tell their terrible story, whilst the avenue of distorted stumps from which all branch and twig have long since been shot away along the Menin Road,

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presents a pitiful appearance. It is the same everywhere along the tragic front. All must be cleared before any rebuilding can be undertaken and the wilderness of battlefields rendered fit for cultivation. And the price of building materials required has gone up four hundred per cent. in these unfortunate districts.

To those who care to think, the last few years afford a wholesome lesson upon the uncertainty of human affairs. It seems almost incredible that prior to August 1914 many educated persons persisted in maintaining that a great European war was an impossibility, and were at the same time able to produce a sheaf of convincing reasons to uphold their untenable theories. It is still more incredible that even after this severe lesson there are those who yet think and talk in the same strain about the future. I only wish that they were correct in their views, but it is an impossibility. Wars must always break out periodically, even as they always have done for thousands and thousands of years. The only difference will be, that in the so-called advance of civilization, with the weapons it will prepare, war will become more cruel, and civilians will be forced to suffer on a larger scale than heretofore, in consequence of the use of long-range guns, of chemicals, and air machines. There can never be any real peace this side of the grave!

The little I saw of our military cemeteries did not altogether please me. However, I did

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not see a great many, and I have no doubt most of them are well kept. The municipal cemetery at Caudry, where lie many British prisoners of war and men who subsequently died of wounds after the battle of Le Cateau, is a striking example of how graves can be placed appropriately, and of what good care can do for them. A number of Royal Scots and Royal Irish of the 8th Infantry Brigade lie at Caudry Cemetery.

Quite recently I had the pleasure of entertaining a very well-informed Belgian at lunch. At the beginning of the war he entered the Intelligence Department. Twice during that period he penetrated into Germany, bringing back with him much valuable information. He was poisoned by some Germans whilst at the Hague, and for a long time his life was despaired of; but owing to the prompt measures that were taken, he recovered, at any rate to a great extent. I learned from him some interesting particulars concerning the present state of affairs in Germany, particulars which are in many respects at variance with what is generally supposed. He believes in the probability of another war within a very few years, unless the Allies remain more united than they are at present. Strange to say, he did not disapprove of much that used to be called "German frightfulness," because in his opinion war was such an appalling evil that any methods employed to bring it to a speedy end were perfectly

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legitimate. Personally I am by no means convinced that "frightfulness" contributed in any way to the curtailment of the war, nor do I believe that its conclusion was reached one day earlier by the perpetration of brutal cruelties! But I am quite sure that by such means a much more bitter feeling was left behind after peace was ultimately proclaimed than would otherwise have existed.

CHAPTER XI

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My Connection with France—Exhibition of 1867—The Second Empire—The Luxembourg Problem—Arcachon—Spain—The Franco-Prussian War, 1870—The Fall of the Second Empire—Communists—Hunting in France—An Eighteenth-Century Château—Paris, 1914 and 1920—Racing—Debate in Palais Bourbon—Versailles.

My interest with France is pre-natal, if I may so express it, for, as I have already said, my great-grandfather bought a large house with extensive grounds at 278 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, in 1817. He also acquired the Chateau de Montigny, and a good deal of land about twenty miles from Fontainebleau. He was brought up, however, in Ireland and spent most of his life there. His book on the relations between landlord and tenant was published in Cork in 1775.

In later days my grandfather imported a pack of hounds from the South of Ireland to Montigny; and fox-hunting appears to have flourished in the neighbourhood for a while. But both 278 Faubourg St. Honoré and Montigny had to be sold eventually, owing to his undue



273 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ. IN 1820.

From an old water-colour.

The house was pulled down in the '40s.

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extravagance. Amongst other things, he contributed the sum of £40,000 toward the rebuilding of St. Paul's in Rome, after the fire which broke out there in the "twenties." He then retired to live in Hampshire, where he died.

In 1868 my father acquired the Abbey of St. Wandrille in Normandy. St. Wandrille was founded by an Irish monk in the ninth century, and both the refectory and the cloisters are considered very remarkable. A good deal of restoration was done to the Abbey in my father's time; it has now gone back to the Benedictine monks, who had been driven out in 1791 during the Great Revolution.

I myself was born in Paris in a large house which stood in an angle formed by the Rue Jean Gougeon and the Cours Albert 1^{er}—then known as the Cours La Reine—immediately facing the Pont de l'Alma. A carriage entrance from both streets led to the house, which consequently had two addresses, i.e. 51 Rue Jean Gougeon and 48 Cours La Reine. In the opposite angle, formed by the Rue Jean Gougeon and the Avenue Montaigne, stood a similar house belonging to Prince Murat. Our own garden was small, but full of flowers, and the lilac trees were quite a feature in the spring. We spent a few months every year in the Rue Jean Gougeon; but the old house has long since been pulled down and a great block of flats erected in its place.

The first incident of importance that comes

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back to my mind in connection with Paris is the Exhibition of 1867. I was then a small boy of seven, and it was a great event for me when I was taken to see the wonderful things that were on show in the spacious grounds. Never before had so large an exhibition been held, though the subsequent ones of 1878, 1889, and 1900 in Paris were much bigger. I visited them all, but whether it is that the glamour of childhood exalted the Exhibition of 1867 unduly in my estimation I do not know, but it has always remained uppermost in my mind, and I certainly found the later exhibitions far less interesting. They seemed to be conducted on too vast a scale, and to contain too many things which could have been dispensed with. Each in its turn occupied the Champ de Mars, but for the later ones the grounds of the Trocadero and the *Ésplanade des Invalides* connected by the quai were also requisitioned.

At the Exhibition of 1867 the new Prussian "needle" gun, which had been so deadly the previous year, and had contributed so much towards the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, was a great *actualité*. A perfect replica in the shape of a little gold model of the gun was bought for me from the Prussian section, and is still in my possession. It was a further delight to me the following summer to have the opportunity of handling a real "needle" gun at Cologne, whilst I was staying with a

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Scottish great-aunt who had married the Baron von der Lund, a Prussian General.

At that time Paris was full of crowned heads. The Second Empire was indeed tottering, but few appeared to realize the fact. Impending disaster was heralded by a period of delirious pleasure and wild extravagance. To all outward appearance Paris was gayer than she had ever been. Ominous signs, however, were not lacking. The Luxembourg problem had already arisen, and as Bismarck, writing on German diplomacy stated later, "Only a somewhat firmer reply was needed to bring about the great French war that year, and we might have given it, if we had been so strong that we could have counted on success." As it was, Prussia maintained constant negotiations with France, for fear that Austria and Italy would join her in the event of Prussia proclaiming war.

The apprehension in Prussia, however, seems to have been very considerable, and the uncertainty to business men almost unbearable; for Prussia waited till she was struck, and the Iron Chancellor informed the Reichstag that he believed they did well to so arrange matters that they were the nation that was assailed and not the assailants.

That same year Bismarck accompanied William I, then King of Prussia—later to become the German Emperor—to Paris, and the following characteristic little incident which

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occurred during the return journey of the royal suite was recently related by Frederic Masson, a member of the French Academy.

An official reception at the frontier had been arranged, and those in the royal train had been commanded to appear at this reception in full dress uniform. Colonel Stoffel, the French Military attaché in Berlin, who was travelling with the King of Prussia, and who himself told this story to Masson, noticed Bismarck alighting from the train, and complimented the great statesman upon the quickness with which he had got into uniform.

"I have not put on my big boots," retorted Bismarck, "Belgium is too small a country!"

History frequently challenges the bon mot. It is perhaps as well for the great men of the world that their vision on earth is limited, and that with all their wisdom they are unable to see what the future will bring forth.

In the winter of 1867 we went to Arcachon, a well-known resort for consumptives, who seek to regain their health amongst the celebrated pine woods. My father's youngest brother was suffering from that complaint, and had recently been obliged to resign his commission in the 20th (now the Lancashire Fusiliers) on that account; but although his doctor had urged him to go to the Canary Isles instead, he preferred Arcachon. The previous year he had married the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Stapleton. He died the following

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summer. Possibly standing out in the cold to watch the erection of his stables, which had been brought over in pieces from Belfast, was not the wisest way to set about curing his disease. His was a lovable nature; and I was much distressed at his early death, for he was only eight and twenty at the time this occurred.

We were so near the frontier at Arcachon that we proceeded to Spain for a short visit. In those days few of the hotels in Spain boasted a fireplace in the bedrooms, *brazeros* being used for heating purposes instead. We were not in the least aware that there was any danger in sleeping in a room which contained a *brazero*, and I recollect one night at Burgos my mother was nearly asphyxiated by the fumes. A doctor who happened to be sleeping in a room close by was called to the rescue, and she recovered. At Vittoria, only one bedroom in the whole of the hotel possessed a fireplace, and as the only servant in the establishment who knew how to light a fire, happened to be having his evening "out" the night we arrived, we found it unpleasantly chilly in the December weather. For Spain in winter can be very cold indeed. Ice coated the water in my jug every morning when we were at Avila, and also at other places. Now, however, they have got central heating—a real benefit to those who go to the North of Spain in the winter.

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In the matter of comfort, Spain has greatly changed. Good hotels now exist in Madrid and many other towns; a general air of prosperity prevails, and railway carriages are quite comfortable, though limited on account of the difficult gradients which have to be negotiated, which means that the weight of the train, fixed by the authorities, cannot be exceeded without danger. All the same, a better service could be run with advantage to all in summer time. Since the war Germans are taking over many business operations in Spain—for, by withdrawing their capital from their own country, they avoid taxation. Most of the Spanish industries are in the hands of foreigners. There are many rich mines in existence which will, by degrees, I presume, be developed. But though the Spaniards are a courteous, agreeable race, their apathy in business is extraordinary.

Lady Isabella Howard, the wife of the present British Ambassador, is an acquaintance of many years' standing. I remember her at a very early stage of her existence. As a very young man I had been asked to lunch by her mother, Princess Giustiniani Bandini. The Princess was, however, unable to appear, owing to Lady Isabella's birth having occurred that very morning. She is now a very popular lady in Madrid. Another friend of mine in Spain is the daughter of Sir Nicholas O'Connor, who married the Councillor of the Roumanian Legation. I recollect

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helping her to feed her dog Togo—a present from the Sultan—when she was a dignified young lady of about ten years old and lived at the Embassy with her father at Constantinople.

On our way back from Spain we stayed at Lourdes, which was then a small town on the top of a rock, important only at assize times, or on fair days. The one hotel was over a mile from the Grotto, which latter place was approached through fields by a sheep track. The river was wider then than it is now, but could often be crossed by stepping-stones. The peasants had not yet learnt to make a living by selling rosaries, etc. They were a simple, fairly honest, industrious people, ruled by a good mayor and an excellent parish priest.

I did not visit Lourdes again till November 11, 1919, the first anniversary of the Armistice, when I accompanied the "Universe" allied soldiers' pilgrimage. Many Irish and other soldiers in uniform thronged the narrow streets. At the large Rosary Church, the Bishop of Verdun gave an eloquent address on *La nécessité du travail*—very appropriate to the present day. I was pleased to find that one of the smartest of the soldiers taking part in the pilgrimage was a young sergeant belonging to the Munster Fusiliers, who told me he was married to a girl from our immediate neighbourhood. I regretted, however, to hear that he was contemplating leaving the army, his ambition being

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to return to Cork as a keeper in the lunatic asylum! Mr. Martin Melvin had set up a hostel at Lourdes for the use of soldiers during the war. It was a great work, for over five thousand men used the premises during the four years' war. The Rev. J. M. Nevin, D.D., a former curate in our parish in Co. Galway, was chaplain there for a time and greatly appreciated. He had lost a leg in Picardy, the result of a shell which exploded close to where he was standing.

Early in 1868 we went on from Lourdes to Toulouse, where we remained a couple of nights, one of which was especially memorable, for I was taken to hear Adelina Patti, who was singing at the theatre. She was the first actress I had ever seen, the first singer I had ever heard. She was escorted back to our hotel, where she also was staying, by a large enthusiastic crowd of excited people, who cheered her vociferously.

But the hour of France's gaiety was drawing to a close. Already the war clouds which had long been gathering were threatening to break.

Dreamy as ever, and in bad health, Napoleon III was totally unable to appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking upon which he was to embark. He could not realize the well-planned goadings of France's unscrupulous neighbour, and had not sufficiently acquainted himself with the desperate unpreparedness of his own country. The Empress, governed by

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ambition, and apparently confident of a successful termination to a war with Prussia, hoped thereby to secure for her son the succession to the throne of France. No one had reckoned with the genius of Von Moltke and the perfection of the Prussian military machine.

The story is an old one, and the disastrous defeats of 1870 have been wiped out—the bitter past avenged. But I may perhaps be forgiven if I relate a few incidents which I experienced—I had almost said “enjoyed”—as a boy of ten.

I can still recall something of the battle of Buchy, to which we were fairly close: the sound of guns; the sight of many thousands of French mobiles in retreat, most of whom were quite undisciplined, and had never fired a shot; the French commander, General Briand, retreating to Havre, and General Manteufel marching on to Rouen. The stern discipline of the Prussian army impressed everybody, though I am bound to confess that the French peasantry at that time seemed to be far more terrified of their own *franc-tireurs* than of the enemy, who, to do them justice, seldom behaved with the ruthless barbarity they exhibited in the last war, though they always exercised great severity. General Manteufel himself was no sentimentalist, but that he could behave with courtesy when occasion demanded is shown by the following story.

After Manteufel's entry into Rouen, Cardinal

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Bonnechose, an astute dignitary who had been a lawyer in his youth, and was then Archbishop of that city, was obliged to pay him an official visit. It was a soaking day, and the Cardinal, whose horses had been commandeered by the victorious enemy, was therefore obliged to go on foot through the heavy rain, arriving at last at the headquarters of the German General with muddy boots and dirt-bespattered clothing.

"I regret," observed Manteufel politely, as he surveyed the bedraggled figure of the Cardinal, "that you should have got so wet coming here." To which Bonnechose bluntly replied that having no horses left to drive, he had been obliged to walk!

Whereupon Manteufel gave orders for the horses to be returned to him, an order for which the diplomatic Cardinal had carefully played.

On the 9th December we left the Prussian lines near Caudebec in Normandy, and drove to Bolbec, which is half-way to Havre. Here we halted for lunch at the inn, whilst our horses rested; and here the proprietor stood and assured us solemnly that no Germans would ever invade his out-of-the-way little town. But alas for these prognostications! before our lunch was over we saw the Prussian Dragoons march in, about sixteen in number, well clad, straw around their stirrups (for the weather was cold), their long carbines pointed towards the windows. As there was no resistance of any kind, the

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Dragoons dismounted in front of the inn and sent for the mayor. From him they demanded a considerable amount of food of all kinds, beginning with an order for one hundred chickens. The terrified mayor replied that this was quite impossible, as there were not a hundred chickens in the town; to which the German officer retorted that the same number of turkeys would answer the purpose.

We did not wait to hear the end, but getting our horses, left the inn and pushed on till we fell amongst a group of French *franc-tireurs*, who occupied a small public-house on the side of the high road. Here further adventure awaited us, for though the N.C.O., an old soldier, was both civil and sober, the men were all blind drunk, and clustered round, clamouring to be allowed to shoot us on the spot as Prussian spies. Naturally we objected, and after a heated discussion, they at length consented to postpone this little ceremony until we had been taken before their chief, who was billeted a couple of miles away, nearer Havre. The N.C.O. himself was quite sympathetic, but he advised us to allow a *franc-tireur* (who had agreed to escort us to the C.O., Colonel Moquart), to mount the box of our carriage, whispering to my father that as soon as we had driven out of sight we could easily drop the man into a ditch—a plan we gladly adopted.

Along the road to Havre we came across

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several English volunteers, who had joined the *franc-tireurs* for the sport of fighting, and a couple of Americans. On the top of the hill overlooking Harfleur naval guns had been mounted by blue-jackets, just where in 1914 one of the large British camps was established. But the defences of Havre were very incomplete, and would have been of little use had the Prussians attacked them with vigour. The French army stationed there, though numbering many men, was in point of fact absolutely useless. There were no regulars amongst the troops, and no discipline was maintained; the men had not sufficient clothing, and their equipment was absolutely inadequate; their rifles being the most curious assortment of weapons, consisting of *fusils-à-tabatières*, Remingtons, and all sorts of odd lots from England, America, and Spain. However, these inefficient troops were never called upon to fight, for the Germans crossed the Seine at Rouen, and made for the Sarthe, where they eventually helped to end the war by defeating the French in the two days' battle south of Le Mans. Had Manteufel cared to take Havre, there would have been no difficulties in his way. True, General Briand, who had surrendered Rouen on the 6th December and had brought his men to Havre, had been superseded by General Peltingas, but the latter was equally incapable, and proved himself powerless to restore order and discipline.



THE CLOISTERS, THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE.

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After a couple of days at the Hôtel de l'Europe at Havre, we managed to return to St. Wandrille by the opposite bank of the Seine.

The Union Jack floating over the gateway of the old Abbey was a certain protection, and the photographs of my German cousins in their uniforms obtained a sympathetic attitude from the Prussian officers, who, with the exception of a Mecklenburg regiment, kept their men in good order. The soldiers in that particular unit were unaccustomed to meat, for on one occasion when they had commandeered a bullock, I went to watch their meal in the open, and found them devouring it before it was fit for consumption.

It was during that winter that I saw for the first time a wounded trooper. He was in the 10th Light Dragoons, a smart corps, clad in pale blue. As he was riding to the little town of Caudebec, not far off, he received a shot fired from a small naval gun from a French gun-boat which was coming up the river, and had his stomach almost blown out. The poor fellow died in great agony whilst I was near him. There were some pleasant officers in that particular regiment, who appeared to hold the view that as they were so near England it was a pity they should not be allowed to invade and bring to its knees the power whom, even in those days, they so cordially disliked. Two British colliers were sunk at

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Duclair at that time by the Prussians, on the pretext that the boats were there to obstruct the progress of French gun-boats. *The Times* correspondent, who was staying with us in order to investigate the matter, described the Commandant at Duclair as an arrogant, vulgar little man, which made the officer very irate and more anti-British than ever.

Later on, in May, when we were again in Normandy, I remember seeing the Prussian 45th Regiment evacuate a village, but this was after peace was declared. The regiment had only been stationed there since the armistice, but I was surprised to see many of the French girls in tears when the battalion marched out of the village. Some women have a peculiar habit of making friends with enemy soldiers. In Ireland the Sinn Feiners used to grant short shrift to such women, cutting off the hair of those who had been found guilty of only talking to the soldiers and constabulary!

The *Marseillaise* has again become familiar as the French National Anthem, and probably no one realizes that it was not allowed during the Second Empire. The official tune at that time was *La Reine Hortense*; and *Partant pour la Syrie* (presumably started in 1860 when the Emperor sent an expedition to Syria to exact Home Rule for the Lebanon from Turkey) was often sung on public occasions.

A most popular cartoon after the flight of the Empress to England in 1870 was a picture

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of her riding a camel with her favourite ministers, de Gramont and Persigny, hanging on to its tail, whilst written below were the words "*Partant pour la Syrie !*"

Among the strange royalties who lived in Paris for many years, and who died in 1879, was the Prince of Orange. Owing to the uncertain temper of his father the King of Holland, he lived in exile, and Paris seemed to have suited him and his curiously Bohemian ways. His behaviour was not by any means always dignified, and he was mixed up in many scandals ; at the same time he was very kind-hearted, and might in different circumstances have proved a more decent kind of man. He used to be known as Prince Citron. He had always been kindly received by the Empress Eugénie, and shortly after she was exiled, when she was living at Chislehurst, he went over to England to pay her a visit, a courtesy which angered his father, who greatly feared the German Emperor and was always eager to be thought his friend.

The behaviour of the great architect Viollet-le-duc towards his fallen friends stands out in striking contrast.

Amongst the many works Viollet-le-duc carried out during the reign of Napoleon III, were the restorations of Notre Dame and of the Château de Pierrefonds, the latter being in utter ruins when the rebuilding was put into his hands. He had every possible reason

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to be grateful to the Empress, not only because his fortunes had been made by her, but because of the extreme kindness which she had always shown him. When other guests might be asked to stay at Compiègne a week, Viollet-le-Duc would be invited for the whole period of Eugénie's stay at her country residence. But when the architect was asked by a lady, who was going over to Chislehurst to pay her respects to the exiled Empress, if he had any message to send, he replied that he had always been very independent, and that he did not consider he had any particular reason to be attached to the Imperial family.

I have met many men in many countries from time to time who have mixed themselves up in national upheavals, but have never yet come across one of any great ability.

Henri Rochefort, for instance, who was one of the members of the Commune in Paris (1871), was a brilliant journalist, a fiery speaker, and unquestionably a man of ideas, but he was absolutely impractical, and could neither organize nor keep going any movement he had started. After a talk with him, I came to the conclusion that, though he was very witty and full of anxiety to keep himself before the public eye, he had no constructive powers. Merely to assist in the destruction of that which exists is not a superhuman task. All the beautiful buildings ruined and laid waste by the Communists did not add one tittle to

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the happiness of the people; and it was heart-breaking to see the smouldering Palace of the Tuileries when we arrived in Paris by the first train that was allowed through after that act of vandalism.

The war debt due to be paid by France in May 1871 was not yet liquidated, and German troops—still stationed at St. Denis, a suburb of the metropolis,—were occupying the station as we passed.

The Rue de Lille, comprising so many fine private residences, was also badly burnt, and suffered more than any other street in Paris at the hands of the revolutionaries. Petroleum was used in this barbarous work, and it is said that women were especially active in helping to do as much damage as possible.

French women are often peculiarly attractive—they are capable managers, bright, excellent company, and their taste in dress and in artistic matters is unerring; but they have played strange parts from time to time in France—the behaviour of the *Pétroleuses* in the days of the Commune, the heartlessness of the *tricoteuses* in the terrible revolution of 1793. These were indeed sorry specimens of humanity, and a disgrace to the gentler sex. It is good to think they do not really represent *la femme Française*, but were only mentally deranged monstrosities, produced by a period of passing brutality.

Rochefort's paper *La Lanterne*, which was

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published weekly in the shape of a small pamphlet with a red cover, was prohibited in France in the days of the Second Empire. I rather think it was brought out in Brussels. The censor was very busy also in 1877. Once when we asked for an English paper at Compiègne station and were told there were none to be had, we remarked that we could see a whole pile tucked away in a corner. The bookstall-keeper then confessed that though that was quite true, their sale was prohibited that day on account of some criticism on the French Government.

Victor Hugo in his old age told me that his chief reason for acquiring a sufficient knowledge of English was to read the London papers, as under the Imperial régime French papers were not allowed to publish all he wished to know. In his younger days he had been an admirer of the Emperor, at least for a time. Though one of France's greatest writers, Victor Hugo was neither a sound politician nor very amusing at the time I knew him. He was then slightly deaf, and rather a cross, untidy person.

Another celebrated Frenchman that I met towards the end of his life was the composer Gounod. Once when Gounod was feeling too unwell to journey to Rome himself, I undertook to convey a beautifully bound copy of one of his new works to Pope Leo XIII, to whom it had been dedicated.

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I also witnessed the one-thousandth-night performance of "Mignon" in Paris. The aged composer, Ambroise Thomas, sat in the stage box and received a tremendous ovation, and there was a good deal of what the French call *émotion* displayed. Certainly "Mignon" was one of the most successful operas, and has survived in the affections of the populace to this day.

During the Siege of Paris (1870-1) Sir Edward Blount—one of the pioneers of the Ouest Railway and eventually chairman of the company—had a beautiful house in the Rue de Courcelles, where he lived up to the time of his death. His kindly wife (*née* Jerminham), who had lived in France practically all her life, was never able to master the French language. Both she and her husband were very hospitable and they gave many enjoyable dances. In the sixties Sir Edward started a bank which was eventually merged with the Société Générale, one of the largest concerns of the kind in France. His eldest son Ashton, who died rather young, was a great favourite in Paris, and was about the only Englishman regularly invited by the Empress to the Compiègne parties. These parties always began in the second week of November, the 15th of that month being the fête day of the Empress. They were very brilliant, and the dresses worn were magnificent. In those days Worth was the chief artist for designing evening dresses,

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Laférière, for what the French call *petits costumes*, Virot and Lebel the great authorities on hats.

Sir Edward Blount's second son, Henry, was like his brother, an energetic leader of the cotillon. He afterwards married the daughter of Baron Hainguerlot, who had a large place in Touraine, and was an excellent whip. His coach was always one of the best turned out in Paris.

Hunting is one thing in the British Isles, and quite another in France. There the best packs are for stags. Hounds are also kept for the chevreuil (a smaller class of deer), for wild boars, and for wolves.

The most important hunting centres within a reasonable distance of Paris are Chantilly, Rambouillet, and Fontainebleau. There are also many packs in Touraine, Normandy, Blaisois, and Anjou; but in the greater part of France there is no hunting to be had. The wild boar is a tiresome and occasionally a dangerous animal to tackle, and I have seen as many as eight hounds so badly mauled in one day that they had to be shot at once to put them out of their pain. This, however, was an extreme case. The huntsman carries a long knife and a carbine, as the boar has to be finished off with the help of either one or the other.

The stag when at bay is usually killed with the knife. This is often a dangerous operation,

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requiring great skill. Most of the French packs get drafts from England. English hounds are considered slightly faster than those in France, but they have one disadvantage for forest hunting—they do not give tongue so freely; and successful hunting in forests is impossible if hounds scatter and do not make themselves frequently heard. It is therefore very necessary to have an exceptionally good huntsman, assisted by alert whips, to keep the hounds together. Following a hunt in a large forest is rather an expert performance, as there are considerable difficulties, especially for a novice, and one has to be well up in all the various notes of the horn to avoid getting "left." Once when I was out with the Marquis de Lubersac's hounds in the Bretonne forest, I saw an unusual sight—that of the stag swimming across the broad river with twenty-two couple of hounds in the water following close together. When tired out the stag makes for the nearest water, usually, of course, a pond or some stream. But to see the finish in the Seine was something exceptional.

After the stag has been overtaken and pulled down by the hounds, the huntsman plays another important part. He first kills the stag with his long hunting knife, then, when the skinning process has been accomplished, he proceeds with the *curée*, that is to say, the giving of the stag to the hounds. This is quite an imposing little ceremony. The fol-

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lowers of the hunt and their horses all stand round together, with a number of peasants who have turned up at the finish. Sometimes, if there happens to be a château in the neighbourhood where the performance is appreciated, they have what is called *la curée aux flambeaux*. That is, a cart is obtained in which to carry the dead stag, and at night-fall the *valets de chien* and others are given lighted torches to hold, whilst the stag is cut up and given to the hounds, the ceremony being accompanied by the music of the horns.

Tradition says that it was in the Bretonne forest in the Eure that William I, then Duke of Normandy, was hunting when the news reached him of the death of Harold, and that it was from there he started for England, to land at Pevensey in Sussex.

In France a pack of hounds usually belongs to one person, and is not ever in the nature of a subscription pack. The owner sends out a card inviting all the neighbours and their friends at the beginning of the season, and a further card at intervals stating where the different meets are to be held.

The *bouton* is given to a few of the regular followers. The meaning of this is that they have the right, and in fact are obliged, to wear the particular coat and facings of the hunt when out with the owner. Those who have not the *bouton* turn out in the ordi-

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nary pink or black coats. A hunting cap is usually worn in preference to a tall hat, the latter being very unsuitable when riding through woods.

There are only two packs of foxhounds run on English lines in France, one at Pau, the other at Biarritz. Years ago, in the sixties, the late Duke of Beaufort brought over his hounds from England to hunt in Poitou, but he found it a much more difficult task to bring down a wolf than he had anticipated. Wolves are very tricky animals and not easy to kill; they have far greater staying power than either a stag or a fox, and generally manage to escape.

About the year 1880 I met the old Marquis de Pléssis Bellière in Paris, and he invited me to stay with him at his quaint old castle of Moreuil in Picardy. The shooting there was not particularly good, but the whole system of life in this old-fashioned abode was quite an experience.

In the first place, the twenty or so men in livery were ancient retainers, and had all served in his troop of *Gardes du Corps* in the time of Charles X. They had been disbanded in 1830, fifty years previously! The furniture in the château was of the period known as the *Régence*, dating from the days when Louis XV was a minor, and is now very valuable. Needless to say, much state and ceremony prevailed. There were about forty guests

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staying at the castle at the same time as myself, each of whom had a little sitting-room adjoining his bedroom. The health of Henri V was solemnly toasted every night at dinner; and in the evening the old Marquise sat on a diminutive throne in the drawing-room, where the guests were invited, each in turn, to have a short conversation with her. Everything in the place was solemn, dignified, and quite eighteenth century. In the autumn the Marquise would go to Paris for her annual six months' visit, doing the journey of about sixty miles in one day in her own carriage, with postillions, and relays of grey horses sent on in advance. All events which had taken place since Charles X was dethroned, were apparently ignored.

But there were no children to inherit the property; the next of kin, the Marquis de Rougé, was stopping at the Castle when I was there, and it was very doubtful if the old couple would wish to leave their extensive possessions to one who was both a spendthrift and a gambler. A few years earlier de Rougé had distinguished himself by breaking the bank at the Baden-Baden tables and by losing all the gains of that evening, and a good deal more, within a fortnight. Another time he had had a house decorated entirely with coral for the benefit of a certain fair friend, even to the door handles and the picture frames—and this was only one of many similar bursts

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of extravagance. Therefore it was not surprising there was little sympathy between him and his aged uncle and aunt, whom he considered the most impossible people.

Eventually an agreement was made that, if de Rougé would undertake to marry and reform, he should be appointed heir to this large property. With the former condition he eventually complied, the latter he failed utterly to keep. Being excellent company, but absolutely incorrigible, de Rougé continued after his marriage to act exactly as he had always done ; so that when the old couple died it was found that they had left everything to the Pope. This will resulted in numerous lawsuits, which ended, I believe, in a compromise, the stately house in Paris becoming the new home of the papal Nuncio accredited to France.

The old castle of Moreuil was the scene of much hard fighting in the spring of 1918. It was taken and retaken several times, and not a stone now remains of that once magnificent residence.

Another dear old lady whom I knew in Paris about that time held so deep-seated an aversion to any modern innovation that she had never either received or sent a telegram in her life, or ever slept in a hotel. Every evening regularly, her large drawing-room was lighted by candles, as it were for a party, even though only two or three habitual visitors turned in to see her at this hour. One elderly man

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always came at nine; he never missed an evening, and left punctually at ten o'clock, the hour when all guests were expected to depart.

I am glad to have had these few peeps at eighteenth-century manners and customs. They had their drawbacks, but they possessed a courtliness and a refinement which is not to be found in these modern times, when manners, and too often any regard for others, seem to have gone entirely out of fashion.

The late Marquis de Lilhers, whose Paris residence stood where the Théâtre des Champs Élysées has now been erected, was rather wild in his youth. He persuaded his artistic old mother to paint life-size portraits, scantily-clothed, of six ladies he had most admired. They certainly looked very well on each side of the large staircase at Gravanchon, his fine place in Normandy, and she never inquired their names. I had met him at Havre during the Franco-Prussian war, when he was serving as a "Mobile" under circumstances of the greatest discomfort.

Many years after, he told me of a very disagreeable task that was given him by the committee of the Paris Jockey Club.

A certain lady connected with Napoleon's family by birth had become notorious in a most unpleasant fashion, and, though her mode of life appeared to be public property, her husband remained in complete ignorance of what everyone else knew.

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Lilhers accordingly had to inform his most intimate friend (the husband in question) that he must either resign his membership of the Jockey Club, or at once get rid of his wife. The latter course was carried out that very day.

The last time I saw Lilhers, shortly before his death, was on one of his journeys to London, where he came periodically to visit his boot-maker, as he would not wear French boots. His mother had been a great beauty in her far-distant youth, at least so she told me. Anyway she was a remarkable woman, for her knowledge of what was going on all over the world was very extensive. When impaired eyesight interfered with newspaper reading, she told me that, besides French papers, her secretary had to read to her *The Times* and the *Corriere della Serra*, not to speak of an occasional German periodical. She was very lenient on the subject of the frailties of her sex, provided that these failings did not partake of what she called "masculine" tendencies, such as smoking. Of course, years ago, women who smoked were considered impossible by a great many people.

I once had the good fortune to meet Émile Olivier at dinner. For many years he had been a bitter opponent of the rule of the Second Empire. In 1869, however, he altered some of his views, became Prime Minister, and settled down to serve the Empire which

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in the hour of its decrepitude had become more liberal in its methods. Rouher, and all those who for so many years had pursued an autocratic course, resigned in favour of his more liberal policy.

Our meeting took place at the Chateau de la Muette, belonging at the time to Madame Érard. This fine old house, formerly a royal residence, and used at various times by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, was situated at the Passy Gate opening into the Bois de Boulogne, and was surrounded by the largest and most beautiful private grounds in Paris. Here the first horse race in France had been held in 1651, and on it our hostess had recently built a large modern mansion for her nephew, who was married to a beautiful woman I also met that evening. Dinner over, we went for a stroll in the gardens, but in the course of our walk were horrified to find the body of a man who had hanged himself on the railings which divided the garden from the Bois de Boulogne. Nor was that the only tragedy of that fateful night, for within a few hours of my seeing her, the beautiful young wife had eloped with another man, and her unhappy husband blew out his brains in despair. The house, which had so recently been built for them at such expense, was pulled down again, in an attempt to obliterate as much as possible the remembrance of these awful events.

I was in Paris twice during 1914. The first

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time was at Easter, the next occasion on the night of September 20th, a date I have too much cause to remember—a few days after the battle of the Marne. How different it was then, and what an atmosphere of gloom pervaded the once gay city! True, the Germans had been driven back, but they were still on the Aisne, not very far away, roughly speaking only about the distance of Brighton from London. Nor was it at all certain that they would not return. During the month of August the news in the papers had been uniformly encouraging, and the Parisians could not understand how, in the face of all this, the Boches could have advanced so near as Chantilly. It was hard to reconcile those hopeful *communiqués* with the real facts, and Paris was in the mood which can believe no good news. I had motored past the main street of Senlis, which had been burnt out by the Germans, merely to gratify a desire for inflicting wanton destruction. I had seen the ruins at Crépy-en-Valois, La Fère en Tardenois, and had then gone on to spend one night in Paris. That very day, unknown to myself, within about a dozen miles of the spot to which I had gone, my son Robert (who had seen only five weeks of active service in Belgium and France) was lying killed, in company with his brother officer and devoted friend, Benison. The regiment, which had taken part in each battle since Mons, was reduced almost to nothing; and a few days later my

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eldest son (who was also serving with the Connaught Rangers) was sent back invalided to Rouen. Those were terrible days indeed.

I did not go to Paris again till the spring of 1920. Six years had elapsed since that last melancholy visit. Now Paris was crowded with visitors from all parts of the world, and I found it hard to get rooms in any good hotel. The want of coal was severely felt, but not so badly as it had been a little time before, as the days were growing longer and warmer. Nevertheless, all restaurants were closed at 10 p.m. and there was no "night" life. Profiteers crowded the Ritz, and dances were held there on Sunday evenings, attended chiefly by American, Argentine, and Spanish women, scantily clad and looking extremely *après guerre*. It was not by any means an edifying sight. Strikes were also in full swing. Railway, omnibus, tramway, taxi, electric light, and every conceivable workman was joining in, to get what he could for himself. The taxi drivers held out the longest. But owing to the firmness of the Government and the good sense of the general public, things gradually righted themselves.

It was pleasant to see old friends again, after all the painful years that had elapsed—to meet the Baroness de Cassin, a life-long friend, a French lady whose mother was the sister of Lord Landaff, and who was equally at home in the two languages, French and English.

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Besides combining the charm of both nationalities, she was a really good and steadfast friend. Her small parties, which were very cosmopolitan and exceedingly pleasant, were totally unlike the big unwieldy crushes so many people reckon enjoyable. I regret to say she died last summer, very suddenly at the age of seventy-two.

I was glad also to see once more Jean-Paul Lannus, who, from having begun life driving four oxen with his plough on the side of the Lauragais hills, had developed into a great artist. In purely historic scenes, I doubt if anyone could produce anything better than *La Voûte d'acier* and Louis XVI receiving the tricolour cockade from Bailly, which are at the Paris Hôtel de Ville—two of his finest works.

He also passed away last spring, at the age of eighty-three.

Decent society in Paris was beginning to wake up. General Berdoulat, the Military Governor of Paris, told me that the entertainments given by Lord Derby, then Ambassador, were so charming, it was like going to a *maison Française*—a high compliment, coming from a Frenchman. It is wonderful how popular Lord Derby became with all classes. The old Duchesse de Mouchy (whose marriage dates back to 1864) told me that he was the first "Great" Ambassador to represent England in Paris! It was even regretted that he did not carry off the Grand Prix

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—another great compliment to Lord Derby's personality, for the French are naturally very keen on winning the race themselves.

Racing is once more becoming as popular as it used to be in pre-war days, the dress-makers and hat shops are as attractive as ever. You may travel far, but you will never come across any city possessing the interest and charms displayed by that which is situated upon the banks of the Seine. The one thing you seldom meet with in Paris is the real Parisian. Your tailor turns out to be a Pole, your glover from Bessarabia, your milliner a Russian, and in the restaurants the American accent is conspicuously present.

The Inter Alliés Club, of which Marshal Foch is the president, was started during the war, and is a very smart place, surrounded by a beautiful garden close to the British Embassy. The fine rooms are well proportioned, and the cooking is excellent. It is altogether a delightful house to which ladies, though not admitted to lunch, may be invited to tea and dinner.

Once I assisted at a debate in the Palais Bourbon, where the *Chambre des Députés* hold their sittings, when an unusually noisy scene occurred. It appeared that Léon Daudet, a Royalist member for Paris, who is extremely disliked by the "Left," had offended even more than usual on the previous day, by frequently interrupting the speech of one of their party.

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Consequently the Socialists, knowing Daudet was to speak that day, agreed to make a disturbance directly he ascended the tribune, which would absolutely prevent anything he said being heard. With that end in view, they kept up a continual hubbub, slamming their desks steadily, shouting, and gesticulating fiercely all the while. This lasted for just half an hour, and then the President adjourned the house. Apparently some arrangement was agreed upon, for an hour and a half later, when the sitting was resumed, Léon Daudet recommenced to speak in quite a different atmosphere, and was allowed to proceed.

That day the present Prime Minister, Monsieur Briand, also made a short speech. He is extremely clear, and is always listened to with deep attention; the words he uses are carefully chosen, and he is a skilful debater.

The packing up of all the art treasures and pictures in the Louvre during the war and sending them to the South for safety, was a wonderful feat, and I am told that nothing was either missing or broken, when they were brought back to Paris.

The recent collection given by Henri de Rothschild is very wonderful, and occupies a small room to itself in the Louvre. The pastels of La Tour are also in that museum for the present, their own home having been burnt out in the devastated region. Four of the other large galleries are filled with exquisite

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furniture, and the writing-table once belonging to Louis XV, now on view, is absolutely unique. One of the largest art-dealers in Paris assured me that £40,000 could not procure one like it.

There are many interesting old houses in Paris still in existence, notably the one in which Gabrielle d'Éstrées lived so many years ago; but it requires someone who is well up in the history of the *vieux Paris* to point out these ancient places.

The wonderful fountains at Versailles ceased for the duration of the war, but they are now playing as of old. The last time I myself had seen this sight was about 1868, when the Emperor Franz Joseph paid a state visit to France. Accompanied by the Empress Eugénie, who was then a very beautiful woman, they drove at a foot's pace through the palace grounds. The *Bassin de Neptune* is, of course, the most imposing fountain of all, and is alone well worth a journey to Versailles. Louis XIV, who built this palace and had the grounds laid out by Le Notre, has certainly left a lasting memorial of the stateliness of that period.

For some years after the Commune in 1871, it was considered unsafe for Parliament to meet in Paris, and the sessions were therefore held in the old palace chapel at Versailles, which made an excellent hall for that purpose. Even now it is still used for the Presidential election, and there is ample space for the three

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hundred senators and six hundred members of the *Chambre des Députés*, who, together, elect a President of the Republic. This ceremony occurs about every seven years. I remember hearing Thiers speak in 1875. He was very short in stature, and filled with an exaggerated vanity; his speech was theatrical to a degree. An old lady, a friend of his, who had taken me to hear him, congratulated Thiers afterwards in the lobby upon his powerful effort, and made reference to some particular point upon which he had touched.

Pas possible, ai-je dit cela? was his response. Then, after a pause, Thiers added reflectively: *Cela devait bien faire dans mon discours!* So much for the sincerity of his utterance! He eventually died suddenly, being taken ill during his *déjeuner*. His last utterance was, I believe, some remark about the peas not being properly cooked.

When Louis XIV built the palace, he little thought that a couple of hundred years later his chapel would harbour a Republican Parliament!

The palace, its grounds and the two Trianons are delightful; and people should make a point of visiting them, if only to see and admire the exquisite taste of the former French kings. Few places repay the trouble of a visit more amply than does this historic palace, which teems with interest even down to the present day. For it was here that the Treaty of

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Versailles was signed in 1919, and the table on which that famous document was placed can be seen in the same spot that it occupied for the ceremony, right in the middle of the magnificent hall, which is in the centre of the building.

I went to visit St. Cloud, of which only the park now remains, the old palace itself having been pillaged by the Prussian soldiers in 1870. They removed everything of value, and then burnt the palace. There Napoleon I married the Archduchess Marie Louise; and there in 1870 the Council of Ministers met to decide upon war between France and Germany. Napoleon III and the Prince Imperial started for the front a few days later. I recollect the pretty little private railway siding from which this fatal departure was made. Neither the Emperor nor his son, of course, ever returned there, both ending their lives in exile.

Once, whilst I was at Beaumont College, the Prince Imperial came to distribute the prizes. He was then a boy of about fifteen, with agreeable manners, and had evidently been carefully brought up. I met him two or three times later in Rome, at the house of his cousin, Cardinal Bonaparte. I lunched with him, and found him very intelligent and quite convinced that he would one day be the Emperor of the French. The Cardinal himself was the victim of a most unpleasant illness; he could neither walk, nor stand, except with great difficulty,

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and had practically to subsist on liquid food. But though he was, of course, compelled to lead a very quiet life on this account, he was always in fair spirits, and never complained. His resemblance to Napoleon I was most striking. Joseph Chamberlain, in his Highbury speech years ago, spoke of France as a decadent nation. I think, were he still living, he would have to amend that. Her vitality and resourcefulness, both now and during the four years of trial and sacrifice, have been simply marvellous. The French seem to have a grasp of the present difficulties which no other nation possesses, nor do they close their eyes to stern realities. And they are indeed stern. The Great War has been won, but France is left bleeding from wounds which it will be difficult to heal. Those who have not visited that long, unending "French front" cannot realize this fact. Most of the devastated lands have now, owing to the hard-working peasantry, been ploughed and placed under cultivation, and all the railways and bridges are rebuilt. But what of the frightful state of so many towns and villages still in ruins? The Germans, who wantonly destroyed so much, are left with a land untouched by the horrors of warfare. English people should cross to France and see for themselves, not a town here and a village there, but the whole stretch of the mutilated battle-line. Until they have done that, they cannot realize what losses France

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has incurred, nor the feelings which pervade the minds of her inhabitants as a result of their serious plight—*Il n'y a de vrai dans la vie que la souffrance*,

It is not surprising that the French have no wish for a repetition of invasion, and endeavour to prevent such a contingency by every means in their power. Those hundreds of thousands who inhabited the northern and eastern parts of France have seen the Prussian hordes invade their homes no less than four times in the century. No doubt on each of these occasions there were those who expected it to be the last. But there is no such thing as finality. Within a very few years Germany will have recovered herself—and then? It is obvious to the people who live on the borderland of Germany that their Government must remain alive to the painful possibilities of the future; that the military preparations for defence must be kept in the highest possible condition of efficiency, and never again revert to the neglect in which they were found in 1914.

CHAPTER XII

IRELAND IN 1921

Ireland under English Rule—Coercion—The Invincibles—The Home Rule Bill, 1886—A Last Remembrance of a Great Leader—The Origin of the Sinn Fein Movement—The Rebellion, 1916—And Afterwards.

IRELAND has always been, and always will be, intolerant of English rule. I recollect the time when Mr. Forster, usually known as "Buckshot," was Secretary for Ireland, and considered to be in danger of his life owing to "Coercion." He was always guarded by a couple of plain clothes police, usually kept up very late at night, waiting at the door of the club in Stephen's Green, where Mr. Forster frequently played cards. This must have been very trying to them, for this politician seemed to have a rooted objection to going to bed. His reign came to an end in 1882, when Mr. Gladstone made up his mind to introduce a more liberal régime with regard to Ireland. Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed Secretary, and Lord Spencer replaced Lord Cooper as Lord-Lieutenant.

It is a matter of history that on the very

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day (May 6th) the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary were sworn in at the Castle, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, the Under Secretary, were murdered in the Phoenix Park by members of a society called "Invincibles." A great outcry was raised in England at this dastardly deed. Many Irish landlords had been murdered during the past two years without causing much emotion, but as soon as an Englishman of importance was killed, a stringent régime was introduced by the British Government, which lasted till Gladstone changed his policy once more and tried to pass the 1885 Home Rule Bill, which was defeated by the influence of Lord Hartington and Joseph Chamberlain. The only result of the introduction of this Bill was the rending of the great Liberal party and the formation of a new group which called themselves "Liberal Unionists."

A strange and lonely figure that arises in my mind in connection with Home Rule is that of Charles Stewart Parnell, once the great idol of the Irish people. He had ruled his followers with a rod of iron, and no doubt many of them were glad enough, for personal reasons, to rid themselves of his stern leadership when the opportunity arose. Certainly many turned upon him during that eventful meeting held in Committee Room No. 15 at Westminster. The last recollection I have of him was in 1891. One night in Dublin, as I was driving

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back from the Rotunda, Parnell was then addressing a very small crowd from the balcony of the National League offices in Sackville Street. But instead of the thousands that used to hang upon his words, there was a miserable handful of people. It was pitiable; but it was about the last gathering this once great leader addressed in Ireland before his death, which occurred soon afterwards. It all seems very long ago. Home Rule is no longer the cry. The magic word Republic is the password of to-day.

My old school friend, Edward Martyn, the dramatist, belongs to an ancient family of landowners settled for many centuries in County Galway. Tullira is one of the few remaining feudal castles still inhabited. Some years ago Martyn built on to it a very large and handsome addition in perfect harmony with the old, which is to my mind an architectural success rarely achieved. He was the first president of Sinn Fein. His earliest connection with politics was in 1908. He and Arthur Griffith were much interested in a movement called the "People's Protection Society"—the forerunner of Sinn Fein, which was afterwards (1905) launched on a much larger scale, and in 1907 had nearly one hundred branches in Ireland. Martyn says: "Sinn Fein was first started to revive the spirit of Nationality and carry out a policy more efficacious than that adopted by the Parliamentary Party. Other leading supporters

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were Shemus McManus, Alderman Cole, R. Dickson, and Maud Gonne MacBride, who had much to do with the original shaping of the policy. But the father of the movement was Arthur Griffith, and to him is due its remarkable success.

“At first a broad combination of Separatists and Constitutionalists, it admitted those who adhered to the principles of Repeal. This, with the revival and coming of the Volunteers, appears to be changed into a profession of Republicanism. But there were then, as always, certain conditions to which all should agree, after the example of the Hungarians in their struggle with the Austrians; and in this case, one was that no elected representative should, under any circumstances, take his seat in the Parliament of England. In 1907 a Mr. Dolan, who was member for North Leitrim in the Parliamentary Party, began to hold independent views. He went so far as to think that he could safely resign his seat, as he was bound to by a rule of the Parliamentary Party in such circumstances, and be re-elected as a Sinn Feiner.” Edward Martyn considered this “a premature move on Mr. Dolan’s part,” and was of opinion that “the people needed educating before they could be expected to understand the principles of the new politics, and, above all, the supreme importance of abstention from Parliament. Sinn Fein should for the present confine its activities to sound educa-

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tion and the dissemination of its ideas." The majority of the Committee over-ruled him, and Mr. Dolan accordingly stood and was defeated. That discouraging result was made the most of by the Parliamentarians, and led to the break up of the hopes of Sinn Fein. People ceased to be interested.

Martyn resigned in the spring of 1908. This was the end of his connection with the movement. He says again: "Sinn Fein still lingered on, but had little organization and few followers. It was not really revived till the autumn of 1916, when Mr. Gleeson, a very able merchant and promoter of Irish manufactures, suggested at a meeting convened for the purpose of choosing a policy, that Sinn Fein should be revived. And it was revived, or rather the Volunteers who now called themselves Sinn Feiners revived it, according to their particular tenets, with results that we all know. For it is manifest that their policy is far different from the Sinn Fein which was originally a movement of peace and passive resistance. Thus its revival was due to the Volunteers of the Rebellion in 1916, who were in turn saved from the indignation of Ireland at their stupid outbreak and raised to the halo of heroes, by the savagery inflicted upon them by England, who thus can thank herself for the trouble in which she now finds herself."

The Rebellion, which broke out on Easter Monday 1916, seemed to come as a surprise

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to the authorities and the general public who, as Edward Martyn says in the above quotation, were indignant about it. The first we heard of it in the West was through the post office, where we had sent to inquire why our letters were not forthcoming. They informed our messenger that the wires were cut, and trains were not running. Each day fresh rumours of a lurid description reached us from "trustworthy" sources. According to these reports, the Irish metropolis had been gutted, thousands had been killed, the Germans had landed in several places, and so forth! For a whole week we were without a newspaper. On the tenth day, my eldest son returned home on leave from France, and arrived by the first train which had been run from Dublin to the West since the beginning of the outbreak. After a few days, the London papers, which had been detained for nearly a fortnight—probably at Holyhead—arrived in one big batch. It seems that about twelve miles off, around Athenry, the Volunteers had assembled in large numbers and cut off all railway communication. But on the arrival of the cavalry these Volunteers melted away and there was no more fighting.

Of course the country folk began to feel the shortage of flour, sugar, and other food, which even before had been difficult to procure in sufficient quantities owing to the war. I myself was not altogether unprepared for this rising, as I had received a hint from a

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Sinn Fein acquaintance a month earlier, when I happened to be in Dublin. In addition to this, I had met Roger Casement at the end of 1918, and after seeing him I felt convinced that matters would come to an unpleasant climax sooner or later. Personally, I felt it rather a relief to be obliged to cease from letter writing for a short spell, and to be thus summarily cut off from newspapers which were never allowed during the war to let us know the truth about what was going on at the front. But candidly I have no liking for revolutions, and they should be planned with great skill if intended to succeed. In this case failure was inevitable from the beginning.

My second son, who had not yet entirely recovered from wounds received in Belgium, was on the Staff at the Curragh Camp, and on his way back through Dublin from Fairy House races he was fired upon because he was in uniform, but mercifully he was not hit. After the Rebellion in 1916, the executions carried out under the rule of General Maxwell were considered very drastic and excessive in the opinion of many, and unquestionably those extreme measures did more harm than good. In Ireland they only served to create more hostility and bitterness of feeling. The attempt to apply conscription later on also caused trouble, even though the projected idea was eventually dropped. Neither was rationing a success. "West of the Shannon," according

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to the old saying, "laws are not observed ; West of the river Suck, laws do not exist." But whatever the reason, it is certainly true that whereas in 1916 Sinn Feiners were in a small minority, now in April 1921 comparatively few are left in Ireland who profess sympathy with the British Government. There is a far stronger anti-English feeling than has ever existed before, both in the towns and country districts, many people having been exasperated into becoming Sinn Feiners by the incompetence of British rule.

During the war I was told over and over again in London that the Irish were not helping. But they did help in large numbers, and better material for making soldiers than can be found in Ireland does not exist. Thousands enlisted of their own free will from all parts. I remember seeing off from Dublin the ill-fated 10th Division. What a magnificent body of men they were, and how they were sacrificed in the Gallipoli Peninsula and in Macedonia !

The last time I met John Redmond was on board the ill-fated *Leinster*, which was afterwards torpedoed by the Germans. There were not many people crossing that night, and we had the smoking-room to ourselves after the first half-hour. His health was bad, and his spirits seemed to have gone. It was not a cheerful talk, but it did not occur to me then that it was the last time I should meet him.

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His death was a loss to Ireland, though his influence was getting less every day.

There are many tales told of Michael Collins's narrow escape from capture by the police. I have reason to believe he told the following himself, when asked what was his most exciting experience. One day in the Gresham Hotel he was confronted by one of the "Auxiliary" police, revolver in hand. But the policeman, after scrutinizing the photograph he carried in his pocket, concluded that Collins was not the man for whom he was on the look-out. There was, in fact, little or no likeness, as he had one of the camouflaged photographs (sold with Collins's name on it) which had been placed in circulation by Collins himself, and stood him in good stead on this occasion.

The "Auxiliary Police," it should be noted, are a well-paid body of men—some of the best paid in Ireland. It is said that an Auxiliary policeman one day stopped three men upon the road and asked them each their politics. The first one said he was a Unionist. "You are no use to me," said the policeman. The second stated that he was a Nationalist. "You can go," said the Auxiliary. The third man replied he was a Sinn Feiner. "Shake hands," said the policeman, "you are one of those who are assisting me in earning a pound a day!"

Meanwhile, life is not too secure, we are living on the edge of a precipice. Our letters

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are frequently examined both by the Sinn Feiners and by the military, and sometimes never reach their destination.

Things are worse, far worse than they were in the days of the old Land League. In the eighties I remember the police arriving one evening to warn Sir Henry Burke, who happened to be dining with us, that he had better take a different road home, as a trench had been dug and arrangements made to shoot him on his usual route. Landlords and agents were then almost the only men shot at.

A year ago, the police took over all the guns and weapons of any kind, in case of raids being made in search of arms by the Sinn Feiners, or men who pretended to belong to the forces. We are not allowed to motor more than twenty miles from home, nor may we leave the house after eight in the evening. These regulations may be necessary in view of the present conditions, but they are not conducive to the enjoyment of life. I suppose we shall get accustomed to such a state of affairs in time. But one thing is quite clear, the pleasant pre-war days are gone for ever. Only two things seem absolutely certain—death and taxes.

I have lived a good many years, and seen a good many changes. But I doubt if one form of government is much better than another. All are remote from perfection. True, their programmes make excellent reading,

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but their deeds invariably fall short of their promises. The lack of great statesmen at the present day is very noticeable. If only one could call back someone from the dead—Cavour, for instance. If he were now the Irish leader—what a vista of possibilities such an idea evokes ! But perhaps no one would listen to him, for he achieved no easy success ; only slow and steady work brought about eventually the realization of his aims.

Irish people are accused of having unnecessarily long memories ; they, on the other hand, consider the English have uncommonly short and convenient ones. I am more convinced than ever that if the Home Rule Bill which was placed on the Statute Book in 1914, the result of many years' exertion on the part of John Redmond and his party, had not been side-tracked, the present atmosphere would not have been created. Much tact is required in handling the Irish—tact which has never been shown nor possessed by a British Government. A highly strung, sensitive, and intelligent race requires a treatment suitable to its mentality.

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